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WILD OATS

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I.

IT was the soft purple twilight of summer that fell like a veil over the hills and dales of Farland on a June evening. The air was still warm from the concentrated rays of an unclouded sun that had beaten all day long on the cornfields and dusty roads, and the foliage of the great chestnut-trees that shaded the farm-house where the Harmons lived gave out a heavy sylvan scent.

A wide, flat field stretched away in front of the house, separated from a narrow strip of badly kept lawn by a stone wall, and on the wall sat Miss Harmon, staring into the soft distances of the sky where it met the level country.

Her white dress made a luminous spot in the fading light, and it needed no keen eye to detect her presence from the house. A visitor who approached with long, hasty strides from the darkness of the chestnut avenue at the left of the house diverged on catching sight of her, and instead of entering the open door approached her.

She heard his step and, turning a little, met the new-comer with the short nod of familiar recognition. He vaulted the wall beside her and, standing in front of her, held out both hands.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he said. "No one else is; it would be cheering to get a welcome from someone!"

She held out one strongly knit little palm and only smiled when he crushed it in both of his.

"I suppose you have been dropped, Dan," she said, looking straight into his eyes.

His face darkened with the quick flash of the sudden dilation of the pupil; the bright pink that lay warm beneath his fair skin gained something more of color.

"Oh, dropped? Rather! It's a mild word to use." He laughed. "But everyone knew it was coming. What earthly use is it for the Governor to go on about it? and as for mother—" He made a gesture and shrugged his square shoulders.

"You have had a hot time at the Hall?" She smiled a little.

"Hot! I wish it had been!" He jammed his hands into his pockets with an habitual swagger. "'Cold, cold; poor Tom's a-cold,'" and he shivered.

She looked away from him at the shadowy line of the horizon.

"Oh, well, it *is* a pity, even you must see that," she spoke slowly, "but what end is gained by driving a boy of your predilections still farther into the enemy's camp I cannot see. They'll hang you yet, your father and mother, between them."

He laughed; it had a touch of something pitiful to a fine ear, the jar of his light laugh.

"Well, it won't be their fault if I miss the gallows, certainly, but perhaps you'll save me, Nell?" A light of tenderness softened his eyes for a moment, then died as swiftly as he added, "You'll have an able coadjutor in Uncle Alfred, for by contrast I always begin to think less poorly of the virtues when I'm in his society. He's been down here for three weeks, mother says, but, of course, you have been seeing something of him. It is a good thing he is here. I shall have someone who isn't contaminated by handing me the butter at table!"

"Yes, I have seen a great deal of him," she answered. "He's a strange person,—a man of the world and yet utterly untrammeled by its conventions. It's hard to believe he is your mother's brother, which, by the way, must make him a cousin of mine. How near are we, Dan?—third? Fourth? Fifth?"

"Not near enough to be a bar to our marriage, and that is all I care about," he answered, with a laugh and an expression in his eyes that brought her words out a little breathlessly.

"It constitutes a bond with your uncle, and that's the point," she returned; "and, by the way, will you come over and dine to-morrow night, and we will go to the Cousins' dance together? What do you say?"

"Rather!" His face brightened.

"It's going to be fun," she went on,—"a sort of house-warming for his new barn. Just like Mr. Cousins to have thought of it, isn't it? How did Bobby Cousins get through his exams?"

"Oh, very well," he answered; "most fellows do. The black sheep in the flock, my dear, occur but seldom. Did you never notice that?"

"Are you a black sheep?" she said slowly, her color mounting a little. "Well, then, I must be one too, for birds of a feather flock together, you know."

His aggressive manner softened.

"No, you're not," he answered quickly, "and I don't think even I can be dyed in the wool,"—he laughed,—"for I didn't like it a bit when things smashed, and I have a beastly way of seeing they are right when they throw stones at me, only I don't say so. I duck my head and fire them back."

The girl laughed. "Conduct singularly unlike that of St. Stephen," she said. "Dan, how did your friend Harrison come out?"

"Badly," was the answer, so shortly delivered that she gave him a quick look and turned away.

"I'm sorry," she said, and there was an instant's silence.

"Is he"—she hesitated—"is he coming here to stay?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"Can you suppose it?" he said. "Mother doesn't believe in poor young men who get into trouble. No, I shall have to wait till I get a house of my own before I have my friends with me." He looked at her. "You will be good to me about that, won't you, Madam?" he added, with a half-teasing, half-tender smile.

She gave a little upward lift to her chin. "Bobby never talks like that," she answered severely. "His attentions are most modest and respectful."

"I should hope so," he returned. "I'd break every bone in his body if they were anything else."

"Would you, indeed?" She looked at him quizzically. "How would you know, my friend? Do you think I'm never to have any admirer but your worthy self? Why, I intend to go once round the world, anyhow, before I tie myself to any man, and in the course of the journey one has one's experiences." She gave him a glance, provocative, teasing, and lit with youth and spirits.

"We'll see." He jammed his hands in his pockets, being divided between a wish to shake her and a wish to kiss her. "By the way, how is Mr. Harmon? All over that cold of his?"

"He's very well and especially trenchant," she answered, and turning on the wall she dropped lightly down on the other side.

"Come along and say 'How do you do?' to him," she said over her shoulder, and he followed her into the house, rattling off a stream of talk as they went, into which she threw short remarks that brought laughter from them both.

They reached the house and, entering, made their way to a long, narrow room like a gallery, lit by two student-lamps and lined with shabby books. At a table near one of the lamps sat Mr. Harmon, read-

ing. The light turned his white hair to silver. He looked up as they entered and, laying his book on his knee, his bushy white eyebrows drew together.

"Well, Dan," he began, with a steady, rather grim look, "your career at college is over, I suppose?"

The young man folded his arms and looked down at him, smiling.

"Quite so, Mr. Harmon," he returned.

"A brief, inglorious reign," quoted his host, with a slight smile. "You went too late," he added; "your father's plan of keeping you about him with a tutor was folly—well, no Allston listens to advice. Are you coming to tea with us?"

The young man turned to the girl. "Am I?" he asked, laughing.

She shook her head. "Your family wouldn't like it. Be wise and go home." She pushed him gently out of the room, and when they reached the outer door stood with her hand still on his shoulder. They could just see each other through the gray light.

"Dan, I'm sorry," she said; "I wish you hadn't come to grief; but don't mind what they say. You have been sowing the old crop, but you don't have to go on with it. Pull up now, won't you, Dan? You are a man, remember, you are twenty-two; and, please, I don't want you to go to the devil." Her voice moved him. He caught her fingers in his and held them in their place on his shoulder.

"Don't you?" he said. "Well, then, marry me, Nell, and I'll go any road you please—you know that, don't you? I only run wild because my people devil me so, with their rules and regulations, and then"—he hesitated—"and then when one is young, one kicks up one's heels, I suppose, and you have never seemed to care whether I ran up or down hill. I've been a handy pal to you, that's all—is it all? You know I fall deeper in love with you every time I come home."

"Do you?" She shook her head. "We'll see. We haven't settled down to our gait yet, you and I. How can we tell how we'd go in double harness? Come to-morrow, don't forget, at eight."

He pressed her hand and relinquished it, and with a few more words they parted, and she went slowly back to the gallery and stood before her grandfather in silence. Again he put down his book and looked up. For a moment neither of them spoke.

"If you don't marry our young Alcibiades pretty soon, he'll go to the dogs, Nell," he said, with his beautifully clear utterance. "I'd take him if I were you, my child. You won't do better."

The girl gave him a startled look, and then, turning, stood with her hands clasped, gazing out the uncurtained window. The old man's eyes rested on her mutinous little features, each one at variance with the other, yet thrown into a sort of harmony by the delicate beauty of the coloring. His steady look passed over her spirited little head, set well

'on her slender shoulders, to the elastic poise of her figure with its expression of abounding health.

"You might do well for yourself in a vulgar sense," he went on a little harshly, "if you had a chance in the great world, but buried here in the country—" He stopped and added, "Dan is a man with all his boyish excesses. He'll put you through a good deal, but what woman escapes that, unless, like your mother, she is inflicting the same thing on her husband,—and Allston will leave him well off some day. Go and dress for tea." He settled himself back in his chair with his book open before him, and the girl left the room and went slowly up the crooked stair-case to her room.

Entering it, she wandered restlessly to the window and leaned out into the evening cool.

It was a large, scantily furnished chamber, so large that it had a look of habitation only in spots. The dressing-table covered with old ivory toilet things; a sofa with a table near by loaded with books; a desk on which stood a photograph of a lady amid whose faded lines one still caught the troubulous spirit that had moved her; a big, old-fashioned, four-post bed, with a spread on which an animated hunting-scene repeated its red coats a hundred times in faded old chintz, and that was all. They were like oases on the desert of shining boards.

There reigned a silence about that conveyed the fact that it was seldom broken; nor was it, for there lived in the old farm-house only Mr. Harmon, his granddaughter, and their servants.

The household ran itself, with an occasional light-hearted push from the young lady, and a stray word dropped now and then from the master to the solitary gardener, and the two or three farm-hands sufficed for the farm; yet they did very well, and a curious quiet and content presided over the place, so that those who happened within its borders found themselves loath to depart.

Miss Harmon slipped down on her knees and rested her head on her arms. She had contracted the habit that comes from being much alone of talking aloud to herself.

"Boys will be boys," she murmured, "and I suppose it doesn't matter;" but somehow it did.

II.

THE long gallery was as still as though no human creature occupied it. The quiet lamplight fell on the upturned face of a book near Mr. Harmon's elbow and on the glittering squares of a chess-board. Suddenly there was the sound of a deep-drawn breath, and Nell's fingers hovering over a piece picked it up and played it. There was an instant's pause, then Mr. Harmon moved his queen, and leaning back in his chair looked gravely at his granddaughter.

"Check-mate," he said, and the game was over.

Nell studied the board in wrathful silence, then gave it a little shove and pushed back her chair.

"I didn't see it; I didn't see it at all!" she ejaculated. "I don't see how it escaped me. Grandfather, you are horrid; you are smiling. And yet you narrowly escaped a trap yourself."

Mr. Harmon began setting up the pieces. "A miss, my dear," he remarked, "is, under the circumstances, quite the equivalent of a mile. It is your opening."

Nell shook her head. "No, not to-night," she answered. "I am off in five minutes, and even you can't mate me in that time." She drew out her watch. "Nine," she added, "and Dan will be here in a moment."

Mr. Harmon's eyes rested critically on her riding-dress. She wore a khaki skirt looped up at the side and a long coat, a stock showing where it opened at the throat. Her hair was done in a cue and tied with a black ribbon.

"Where are you and Dan going to-night?" he inquired.

"To Mr. Cousins's dance in his new barn. Had you forgotten?" she answered. She put the pieces deftly away in the box as she talked. "They christen it to-night, and every one rides or drives or bicycles over and we have a dance or two, some supper, and then home. It is to be over early to do away with chaperones."

"You are invited to appear in that—costume?" he asked, with his slight, ironic smile.

Her eyes met his with a laugh in them. "In this particular rig!" she returned. "It is to be as informal as possible."

Mr. Harmon uttered a short laugh. "So I see," he answered. "Jim Cousins has his own peculiar ideas of pleasure." He took up his book, then, with his finger on the page, addressed her again as she turned to leave the room. "Who brings you home?" he asked.

Nell turned. "Oh, Dan or Mr. Rivinus or someone."

Mr. Harmon's bushy brows drew together.

"That is a little too vague," he said. "Dan must bring you back. You understand, Nell?"

The girl looked at him, her delicate brows arched.

"Why, certainly, if you prefer it," she said, and left him.

His eyes continued to gaze at the door after she had closed it, and after a moment, with his book under his arm, he rose and took a turn or two about the room, then dropped into his chair as the two young people joined him, Dan from one door, his granddaughter from the other.

"I thought there was something said about your dining with us to-night?" he said as he shook hands with the young man.

The expression of eager deference with which he had greeted Mr. Harmon died out of the young man's face.

"Such was my intention on your kind invitation, sir," he said, "but my mother had invited Uncle Radcliff, and my presence was required to add to the surrounding crowd of fascinated listeners that constitute my uncle's idea of a pleasant evening. He is, fortunately, very infirm, however," he added flippantly; "he goes to bed at nine, and I was able to get away on time. You got my note?" He turned to Miss Harmon.

She nodded assent, and going up to her grandfather's chair laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Good-night," she said. "We shall be home by twelve, but I sha'n't find you, shall I?"

He opened his book and settled back in the big, comfortable seat. "Probably not," he answered. "- wish you a pleasant evening," and they were dismissed.

They went out to their horses, and he could hear their cheerful voices through the open windows and the stamp of the impatient hoofs as they rode off; then Mr. Harmon settled to his reading and forgot his granddaughter.

It was a gorgeous moonlight night, and the horses felt the spirit of unused adventure. They sidled along with shivers of pleasure in the cool feeling of the air on their shining coats, and pretences of alarm when the bushes thickened at the roadside and brushed them with their quivering leaves.

The moon was on the wane, her perfect fulness gone, but her light no less brilliant, and as they turned into a firm country road, it lay white and shining between far-stretching night-black fields, and the horses broke into a canter.

Allston drew his horse near his companion's as they slackened their pace on approaching a steep hill.

"This wasn't such a bad scheme of Mr. Cousins, was it?" he said, looking down at her.

"Not half bad," she returned gayly, "and so pleasantly out of the common."

"That's just it," went on the young man, catching her bridle and bringing their horses into a walk. "There is a sort of romance about it. I feel as though you and I were running away."

She laughed.

"Do you?" she said coolly. "Funny! I don't!"

But he was not to be so easily disposed of; he looked disappointed, but returned to the charge.

"I want you to promise me something," he began. "Will you?"

"That depends on what it is." She smiled into his fond, handsome eyes.

"I want you to consider this my evening," he proceeded slowly,—

"all mine and nobody's else. Promise me all your dances. Do, Nell, this once!"

She opened her eyes very wide. "My dear Dan," she answered, "for unblushing presumption you are unique. All my dances! Why, after having the privilege of bringing me, and taking me home, I don't know whether you ought to have a dance at all!"

The young man still held her bridle. He drew his horse up, and hers with it. They stood on the flattened summit of a small hill. They looked into each other's faces; the moonlight made them plainly to be seen.

"Let us understand each other," said Allston determinedly. "I go to this dance to enjoy myself, not to suffer. I don't insist on all your dances,—I only plead for that,—but the majority are mine or I don't go." Their eyes flashed into each other's. "It is to be a short affair," he went on; "there won't be more than five perhaps; three I must have—or I go home."

"I see." She gave the slight lift to her round little chin that was characteristic. "And what happens to me?"

"Oh, I shall be very happy to take you there, of course," he answered ceremoniously. "There will be twenty people glad to bring you home."

She looked at him. His fate hung in the balance, but he turned the scale. Suddenly bowing his head, he caught her gloved hand and put his lips to it.

"Don't be cruel, Nell," he said.

She gave the fingers that held hers a slight shake, then laughed.

"You are the most perfect picture of a highwayman extant," she said. "I stand and deliver in obedience to the summons. And being unwilling to do things by halves, you shall have them all,—every one! There, Jack Shepherd! I hope you are satisfied. Come, we must get ahead; but remember, you will have to settle with my other admirers!" She laughed over her shoulder as they trotted down the hill. "Perhaps you didn't know that I had any!"

When Mr. Cousins did things they were not done by halves. His barn stretched its mighty limbs over a good quarter acre of ground, and the whole youthful neighborhood, assembled from miles around, only served to show how uncommon were Mr. Cousins's ambitions. The barn was lit by hundreds of paper lanterns swinging from the beams and the walls, and one great door stood open to the summer night. Three fiddlers and a harper were established in one corner, and a lancers was just over as Allston and his companion reached the wide field in which the big building stood.

It was fringed by a wood, on whose edges stretched a row of carriages, horses, and bicycles. Dan having tethered their beasts at a

safer distance from the lights and noise, and hung his hat and Nell's on the pommel of her saddle, they trod lightly over the turf, and stood looking in a moment at the motley scene within.

Everyone wore just what he or she thought fit. The men were in riding-breeches and tennis-flannels, the girls in every sort of summer garb, but all with light shoes fitted to their light heels, for it had been understood that they should dance.

Mr. Cousins, resplendent in shining white duck, his great watch-chain dangling over his ample waistcoat, directed the games and left Bobby, his only son and heir, to decide on the dances.

"Blind man's buff," he announced cheerily as the lancers came to an end and the music stopped, and without a moment for rest or relaxation blind man's buff began.

They had at least twenty blind men before they were exhausted, and it was only when they all fell in their seats and gasped forth protests and petitions that their taskmaster commanded the game to end and permitted five minutes for rest and conversation.

Miss Harmon sat fanning herself with a big palm-leaf fan, of which scores were provided by their resourceful host, her cheeks burning with a bright pink color, her eyes literally dancing in her head.

Dan, who stood beside her, laughed to see her lips parted in breathless joy.

"Isn't it heaven!" she cried when she could speak, looking up at him. "Oh, I do love a good romp, don't you? People think themselves old so terribly fast. Isn't Mr. Cousins a dear to have thought of it?"

"A dear," retorted Dan gayly; "he's a duck!" and they laughed at this small joke with youthful abandon.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced Bobby Cousins, standing in the middle of the floor, "it is now considered appropriate to dance. Dancing in the barn. Fiddlers, strike up! Choose your partners!" and as he ended the music began.

A murmur of approbation expressed the feeling of his guests, and Allston held out his hand in silence to his companion. She stood up beside him, and they exchanged a glance full of the pure joy of living. In Allston's eyes was also to be read his open secret; he was young, he was in love, and he was to dance with his sweetheart.

The measure they were to tread is one that has an especial fascination. In the hands of the ordinary young people it is a gay, romping affair, with no distinction but its evident gusto, but when danced in its perfection it has a peculiar beauty.

They stood a moment to catch the time, took three stately steps forward, then he drew her to him and they waltzed a bar or two and then sundered, and again side by side advanced in freedom yet in unison. There was a kind of triumph amid its grace, and these two re-

vealed it to its fullest. They danced on and on, couple after couple dropping away, until they held the floor alone, when they danced down the middle of the room and stopped, amid the buzzing praise about them.

Again five minutes for rest was reluctantly permitted by their host, and Dan, standing leaning against the great pine upright that pierced its way to the ceiling, left Nell free to deal with half a dozen aspirants for her hand in the next dance.

He was happy, utterly content. His fair, flushed face had a radiant expression that softened an almost savage force that sprang from the configuration of his features.

He felt a touch upon his arm, and turned to meet the dark, piercing eyes of his Uncle Alfred Rivinus.

"My dear Dan," Rivinus smiled, "you really mustn't look so absurdly happy; it will bring you bad luck. Do stop it. You are as near 'fey' as any young man I ever came across."

For many years Allston had been thrown very little with his uncle, but with nothing in common they had always gotten on very well, and it startled him to become suddenly aware that if there was a man he did not like in the big, half-filled building, it was his Uncle Alfred.

"On the basis that a cat may look at a king, a cat may look like one!" he answered good-humoredly enough. "Besides, this is a party, and one is intended to enjoy oneself."

The other man shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, enjoy yourself, yes, but decently, my dear fellow—decently! Your expression is justified by nothing but her having accepted your offer. Now, I do not believe she has yet accepted your offer. How is it? Confession is good for the soul." He laughed and fixed his eyes on his nephew's face with keen inquiry in their dark depths. Allston turned on him. It was only a look, but it was an ugly one. There was silence.

Rivinus laughed again.

"My dear boy," he said, "don't take me seriously. My shots are quite at random. Is it Miss Morton? She is lovely. Or Miss White? She is charming. Or Miss——"

"It is Aunt Mary Downes," interrupted Allston with a sort of savage self-control. "It's Aunt Mary, and until this evening I've thought it hopeless," and with a laugh in which his uncle joined, he turned on his heel and crossed the room.

With a smile still on his lips, Rivinus took his place beside a young man who still argued with Miss Harmon on his right to a dance. He faded away grumbling, however, as he looked up to find the older man listening to him, and Rivinus took his seat.

"Bon soir, Mademoiselle Bacchanté," he began, his eyes resting

appreciatively on her flushed cheek and the straying dark curls tossed on her brow. "No need to ask how your health progresses."

She acknowledged his speech with a smile that well became her shining eyes.

"I don't see how you manage to preserve your individuality, but you do," he went on. "I wished for Heine while I watched you dance, that he might make a verse or write another tale on the return of Pan and his troop of nymphs."

The girl shook her head.

"A Bacchanté in khaki and without grapes won't do," she said.

"I consider it the greater triumph of character over circumstance," returned Rivinus, smiling—"your true nature coming out. By the way, may I have the next dance?—or the one after?"

She shook her head.

"All gone?" He gave her a keen scrutiny. "Then may I accompany you home from this singularly informal gathering?"

"Thank you, Dan takes me home," she answered. Their eyes met. He had never seen a trace of self-consciousness in her till this moment. He wondered what prompted it. He in his turn shook his head.

"You spoil Dan," he said. "He brings you, dances all your dances,"—he shot an amused look at her from under his dark brows,— "and takes you home again! My dear girl, it's too much! You'll have to put him on bread and water for a week to keep him within bounds."

The girl laughed. She was conscious that there was one subject she did not care to discuss with Mr. Rivinus, and that was his nephew.

"Look at Mr. Cousins," she said. "We must again prepare for the fray."

Their host stood in the middle of the building with one arm up-raised to secure silence.

"Boys and girls," he said, smiling, "get ready to enjoy yourselves and make a circle; this is to be a round game."

He was obeyed with cheerful rapidity, and they were all whirled into a vortex of flights, courtesies, captures, and in the end Mr. Cousins caught Miss Harmon and kissed her, and explained that it was permitted him because he was so old and stout and she was so slim and young, but that no one must follow his example, and the company enjoyed prolonged laughter.

"Now a waltz," sang out Bobby informally, and the fiddlers struck up.

"I wish," Bobby continued, seeking a group of his favorite associates, "that I could think of something quite new to top off with. Then it would be a banner night."

"It's good enough as it is," was all the comfort that he got, and they went off to their partners; but Bobby turned to Mr. Rivinus, who

stood near, and repeated his complaint. Rivinus listened. He always was a good listener, and he even took Bobby's arm and walked a little way with him, and when they parted Bobby was grinning. Rivinus walked out into the night and lit a cigarette and talked to Mr. Cousins about the arrangements for supper. The old gentleman was busy outside seeing that the grooms and coachmen were not neglected.

Bobby, within, sought the corner where the servants were putting the last touches to the supper-table, and found what he was looking for; then, the waltz ended, he took up his station in the middle of the room.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began gravely, "I feel that I am going to give you a new view of humanity. Doubtless many of the men whom I see before me have assured some particular lady of their undying devotion. Ladies, I shall give you a chance to test their protestations. Gentlemen, I shall give you an opportunity to prove the force of your feelings. I have here a hammer"—he flourished it—"and a nail, also a bit of blue ribbon,"—he exhibited that also. "Now, I suggest that any man who feels a knightly passion should mount that ladder"—he pointed to one fastened against the wall at the end of the room—"and, reaching the central beam,"—he again pointed,—"should walk to the point where it meets the middle joist, and there nail this ribbon as the color of his lady! The lady will know whom he honors; it will be permitted us unworthy onlookers only to surmise. What do you say? All step forward who feel so impelled."

He ceased. There was a dead silence, then a murmur, then laughter—first low, then loud; then Bobby made his point.

He looked about him with a wave of his hand.

"Ladies," he said, "I understand your feelings, but the truth must be known at any cost of feeling. It is proved conclusively, as some French gentleman said,—I don't remember who,—that the 'grand passion' is defunct." He paused a moment, then added with a broad grin, "There isn't a man in the room who's in love."

As he finished there was a murmur of voices, and he saw that someone stood beside him. He was so dumfounded that it took him an instant to recognize Allston.

"The hammer, please," said Allston.

Bobby held it out mechanically. Allston took it, drew the nail and the ribbon from his unresisting fingers, and without a word walked to the ladder.

There was a silence that Bobby broke. "Dan, old man," he began, but stopped breathlessly as he saw that Allston was half-way up.

He was so quick that the broken murmurs about the room had taken no absolute form of remonstrance, until Dan stood at the top, and, turning, faced the centre of the barn. Then it was too late, they were

afraid to speak, and a white-faced crowd stared up at him as he balanced a moment on the beam, then, with his hands hanging at his sides and the hammer in his pocket, started across it.

He moved, not very fast, putting one foot in front of the other, his eyes on the central shaft. He made no misstep into the dizzy depths below, but reached the goal and, standing there, nailed the ribbon to the pine shaft, then dropped the hammer in the pocket of his riding-coat again and, turning slowly, faced the journey back. There was one instant when the great depths below heaved up at him; then he stepped out into space, as it seemed to him, and proceeding steadily through the air found himself grasping the ladder and descending—safe.

The shouts that rent the building startled him, and he was almost deafened by girls who told him he was wicked but perfectly splendid and men whose remarks resolved themselves into two facts—that he was a damned fool and they wished they had done it. Mr. Cousins, who had returned in the middle of it and been kept silent with difficulty, had to sit down for five minutes and explode diatribes on Bobby, Dan, himself, and every man present.

It took a polka that no one heard, and a waltz that they at least listened to, and supper hastily served at once, to restore the equanimity of the evening, and then everyone felt that they had had a splendid time and forgot to look at Dan.

He had laughed and talked in high spirits, looking all the time amid the crowd for Nell; but as time went by and he could not see her, he grew silent. His uncle also was absent. A kind of anguish rose in him when it occurred to him that perhaps she had gone outside to talk to Rivinus, without thinking it worth while even to speak to him. Shaking off his friends, he strode into the darkness, and mechanically took his way to where their horses were tethered. The field was bright with moonlight, but the wood was dark, and he took a few steps into it and laid his hand on his horse's neck. As he did so he became aware of a figure near him in the dark; someone was leaning against Nell's horse. He took one step more and laid his hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Nell," he murmured. "Why, dearest, did I frighten you?" He caught her hand in his; it was burning hot, and the fingers closed on his and held them. "Did I frighten you?" he repeated tenderly. "I didn't mean to. It wasn't as bad as it looked. Did I frighten you so badly?"

She dropped both her hands at her sides and faced him. The moonlight did not betray the drops on her lashes.

"What do you think I'm made of?" she said. "Why should it not frighten me?"

His heart beat as he heard the quiver in her voice.

"I didn't think," he returned gently. "Bobby roused the devil in

me with his smirks. I could have wrung his neck. Then I—I thought perhaps you might be pleased."

"Pleased!" she answered fiercely,—"pleased to see you in danger of a horrible death! Why should I be pleased?"

"Because,"—Allston hesitated,—"because it was for you I did it, after all."

Her eyes flashed in the darkness.

"So much the worse," she cried. "Don't you see how that made it so much the worse?"

Allston looked out into the moonlit field.

"I suppose it did in one way," he answered slowly. "The truth is, I didn't think. I just felt that I didn't intend what I felt for you to be belittled in that beastly, mocking, subtle sort of way. I was a fool, of course, but where Bobby got such an idea I can't think."

He stared ahead of him, and the girl looked at his handsome face without his eyes to watch her, and the impulse came to her to throw herself in his arms and rest there. If he had held them out to her she would have yielded to her feeling, but no spirit whispered that this was his moment in Allston's ear; on the contrary, seeing her moved, he felt deeply grateful for it, and obeyed a delicacy that ran side by side in him with his force, and refrained from pressing his advantage.

"Shall we go back?" he said. "I don't believe that waltz is over yet."

"Go back?" The girl hesitated.

"They will be looking for you," he went on. "I am afraid they——"

"They will be looking for you, you mean," she answered with a smile. "Come, of course we must go back. You go in ahead of me, I'll follow in a moment," and Allston reluctantly, seeing the wisdom of this proceeding, left her.

III.

It was a hot, still morning. June had slipped down into the fire of July, and the roses looked overblown in the garden.

On the long porch, shaded by a thick curtain of vines that ran along two sides of the farmhouse, sat Miss Harmon with a yellow-covered paper novel laid open on her knees, her chin resting on her hands, intent on the page before her. She was at the end of it, and turning rapidly the two remaining sheets she closed it with a jerk.

"Hm!" was her comment. It had a sound of amused disgust. She felt a hand on her shoulder and looked up; it was Mr. Harmon.

"My dear," he said, pointing down at the book still in her lap, "when I told you three years ago to manage your own life, that I had had enough of well-brought-up women and had avoided subjecting you to rule and would continue to do so, I meant what I said; but let your

faults be Saxon, I beg; don't study the Latin fashions in such things, they rot the spirit instead of freeing it. Who gave you that book? Not Dan, I'll wager."

She raised her eyes. "No, not Dan," she answered.

He shrugged his shoulders at the reserve of her answer.

"If it was a man," he said, "he's a cad. Don't forget the difference between a bad man and a cad," and turning on his heel he left her.

She looked after him, her eyes very bright with the sparkle of a discovery. Grandfather drew some lines, then, after all. It gave her a curious satisfaction. She threw the book down and, resting her face in her palm, fell into deep thought.

She was trying to work out various conflicting instincts: a desire for pleasure, very strong; a vague, troubled reach after happiness that would not fit with pleasure,—and suddenly she felt again a hand on her shoulder, and someone slid down beside her on the step, quite close to her, and laughed. It gave her a thrill of such sharp, sudden joy that it made her angry, and she looked into young Allston's face crossly.

"What do you mean by sneaking up like a thief behind me?" she said, with a flash from her hazel eyes. "Do you want to know what you look most like?" She drew away as she spoke, though she had a queer feeling as though she snapped something precious when she had put three feet between them.

"What I look like! Well, yes, if I can retaliate!" He laughed.

She clasped her hands behind her head and looked at him.

"You look like a thing in a German story, a wolf masquerading as a man."

"A wolf!" He stared at her, somewhat disconcerted.

"Yes, a handsome wolf, I'll grant you that,"—she laughed with a spice of malice,—"but a wolf, with your curled lips that draw back so savagely over your white teeth when you are angry, and those light, ferocious-looking eyes; and even your nose has the look of a pointed muzzle!"

"By George," Allston's eyes grew brilliant, as she had said, with rather a sulphurous light,—"that's a nasty bit of description! Had you been thinking that up?" But he could not keep his resentment long; it died as he stared into her charming face. "Now you," he went on, "you—you look like a little, bad, adorable puppy dog, with your bright eyes and your snarls."

She broke into a frank laugh. "Why didn't you say cur," she retorted; "no well-bred dog would own me for a relation. But never mind, we won't fight. You made me jump with your secret step, but I forgive you. I want you to do something for me, and it's best to get you in a good-humor first."

He smiled. "Go ahead," he answered, "I can only stay a moment,

I'm on an errand for mother. I must meet my Cousin Amy Bell at twelve at the station, but I wanted to take a look at you. Smooth me down, do, I like it awfully; you don't do it often. I have had an hour from the Governor this morning and two from mother, and I need something to buoy up my self-respect. Lay it on thick!"

"More lectures?" asked the girl, leaning back against the pillar of the porch. "Dear me! Why, it's been every morning for a week. You must have been very bad, Dan." A note in her voice surprised him; he looked at her tenderly.

"Do you mind?" he said. "I thought you didn't care whether a man went to the Dickens or not. I have made an ass of myself—it comes easy to me,—and then I've been so tied up and talked to that when I get in town I break loose."

"What do you do?" She drew her eyebrows together. "Mr. Rivinus said you rode a horse through someone's house the other day, and that was one of the things that had kicked up the trouble. Is that true?" She looked into his face.

"More or less." His eyes snapped. "I'm much obliged to Uncle Alfred."

"Is it true?" Her voice again surprised him. "I thought he made it up for fun. Oh, well"—she shrugged her shoulders.

He turned from her a little and dropped his eyes. They were caught by the yellow volume. He picked it up and read the title.

"Is this your usual morning reading?" he asked slowly; a bright color had risen to his cheek.

"Only every other morning," she returned, with a slight, sarcastic smile. "Now for a lupine moment."

He turned the pages. "Your grandfather goes very far, don't he?" He went on, "Have you many more of them?"

"Grandfather didn't give it to me," she answered slowly. "He cut a few epigrams on that himself."

"Did he?" Allston spoke eagerly. "You haven't read it then, have you?"

Her color rose. "I have."

He threw it aside and, gently drawing a little nearer, took hold of the edge of her dress. "Don't read any more of them, will you, Nell?" he said.

"Why not?" She sat up and shook her dark curls. "They amuse me. I have to do something, and I can't ride through my neighbors' houses, you know."

"That's a nice, kind speech," returned Allston. "I'm sorry I came. Would you like me to go?"

"No." She laughed. "I didn't mean to quarrel. I was to be nice, wasn't I? And you were to do something for me. I haven't begun very

well, have I? Let me think what you'd like. There are several young ladies round about 'dying of love for your sake,' like Jemmy Grove. Shall I tell you about them?"

She laughed as he colored and shrugged his shoulders, then she held out her hand.

"How easily you are teased, Dan. Make friends. Forgive me. I won't read another French novel for a week, if you'll help me with my plan."

He took her hand in his and held it a moment.

"What's the scheme?" he said, his face softened into its usual handsome lines.

"I want to go to the Fair at Farland as a boy. I want you to get me the clothes to do it." It was out. She met his eyes; the color had sprung into her face.

"That's impossible,"—Allston shook his head with assurance,— "not a feasible scheme at all, my dear child. You couldn't do it; you would be known at once."

"I mean to do it." Her lips closed firmly.

He looked at her. "You don't mean you really think it possible?"

"Possible and probable, and it will happen," she answered. "Will you help me or not?"

"Certainly not." His answer was immediate.

She got up and made a gesture of dismissal. "I thought you said you had an errand to do for your mother. Why don't you go and attend to it? Don't let me keep you."

He looked at her in growing wonder. "You don't mean this, Nell; you won't do this preposterous thing? You have no idea of what you would be getting yourself in for—and then"—he got up and looked down into her eyes—"it hurts me to think of you masquerading like that."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You have your family's Puritan blood in you after all. What harm is there in it? It's a lark, that's all."

"It's not a lark fit for a woman," he answered, his face flushing.

She looked at him and felt a pang. The sweep of fair hair on his brow, that brought his florid coloring into relief, and the bright shining of his eyes made him not a thing to quarrel with, if one could help it, rather to—she stopped herself before the thought was fully formed and set her teeth. Where was the untrammelled, pleasure-seeking existence she had promised herself? Where were the various strong experiences of life she was to pass through? A vision of the satirical smile of Alfred Rivinus flashed before her eyes.

"It certainly isn't a lark for anyone *but* a woman!" she retorted rebelliously. "I didn't know you had Cotton Mather's blood in you. However, I'll manage matters for myself and dispense with your assistance."

He folded his muscular arms and stared down at her.

"You won't do this, Nell, please; I beg you not to do it. It's all very well for a man to plough through the dust, but women are different. You don't know what you might see and hear and get into, setting aside your being known. I beg of you——"

She also folded her arms. "Please go away and don't talk any more about it. I'm disappointed in you, Dan."

His eyes flashed. "You must have thought me a fool or a cad then," he answered, and with a slight bow and a very gloomy brow he strode away.

Miss Harmon watched him disappear round the corner of the porch, and then, with a bored, dawdling step, she descended the low steps and stood in the hot sunshine. It was too hot. She went into the house and fetched a hat, and sauntered slowly down one of the aimless paths that led through the glade at the side of the house. She stopped here and there to pull a flower from the beds that edged the gravel-walk, and ended by sitting in the grass under a shrub-bush, with a lapful of short-stemmed blossoms.

There was a murmur of bees. It was very warm and she felt rather drowsy. The crunch of a foot on the gravel-path leading from the house disturbed her with the fear of a visitor. She leaned round the corner of the bush to inspect the new-comer, and on perceiving him smiled gayly—boredom gone in an instant. He was looking for her, their eyes met, and in a moment Mr. Rivinus was also sitting on the grass in the meagre shade of the shrub-bush.

"My nephew was not in a very good-humor when I met him at your gate," began the new-comer. "Had you been grilling him also in this charming antechamber to the lower regions?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Do you call this hot?" she said. "It is one of my favorite temperatures; it brings out the full power of my mind. My best sonnets are written in this atmosphere."

Her visitor laughed and stretched his limbs at length, then, resting his cheek on his palm, turned the full, unshaded curiosity of his penetrating glance upon her.

He was perhaps forty-five, with a strong, active figure, and a dark, many-times tanned skin, that gave him the full prime of manhood, for both expressed vigorous health. His eyes were dark and searching, his features bold, his mustache and beard black, though the short, crisp hair at his temples was grizzled.

"Repeat me a sonnet or two," he said, smiling, "and in exchange I'll leave you the volume of Baudelaire I have in my pocket."

She shook her head. "Baudelaire is too involved for me. I can't make out what he's driving at," she returned. "By the way, when am I to have my Italian lesson?"

"To-day, to-morrow,—when you please." Rivinus leaned forward and touched a slim gold bracelet she wore. "May I ask what that signifies?" he said.

"You may *ask!*" the girl returned. Their eyes met; they both laughed; then he gave a slight shrug to his shoulders.

"Oh, you needn't tell me, I know already, but I thought I'd like to hear your version. Sentiment is not your metier at present, yet—you wear that."

The girl sat up a moment and looked down at his mocking face. "You think you know," she said. Her expression was defiant, but not assured.

"With another woman I would affirm it without hesitation," he answered, "but you are to other women what the wood-path is to the high-road, the traveller stands bewildered amid the leafy green. However, I have the sun, my compass,—and my twenty-odd years of experience in exploration stands me in good stead. Then I have also a magnetic power of reading people's thoughts; no one lets me get as near them as you have done without my guessing at what they leave unspoken."

"Nonsense!" She gave a half-startled, half-amused laugh.

"My dear child," he went on in his low, harmonious voice, "do you think a man travels round the world, wanders in the East, knows men and women in every city in Europe, and comes back no wiser than he went? He collects thousands of impressions, observations, experiences, and gets used to wading deep in the waters of the minds of others. It's the one unalloyed pleasure of life, to know, to experience; and, to tell the honest truth," he ended, with a laugh, "I prefer the sinners to the saints,—they are infinitely more amusing."

It was a doctrine he was constantly inculcating, and full-blooded youth seldom shies at the voice of confident evil; the tones seem those of lawless liberty, nothing more alarming, and the face of the teacher remains unseen. It was not unnatural, however, that he mistook the folly of hardy pride, mingled with ignorance, which induced her not only to listen, but to listen eagerly, for another element in her—and so counted on it.

He fixed his eyes on her and smiled a little. "Out with it," he said, "you've something you want to say. Why not? We are comrades, aren't we? Have we seen each other every day for three weeks for nothing?"

She broke into a gay, excited laugh. "I wonder if you would help me?" she said. "I wonder if you would be shocked?"

He gave her a look of amusement. "Shocked! Nothing I'd like better; it's a sensation I haven't had for twenty years. You think you can give it to me, do you? Hurry on, I'm all attention."

She laughed again, and drawing her knees up clasped her hands about them.

"I want to go to the Fair at Farland—as a boy." She stopped.

His glance had fallen on her slim, slippered feet.

"As a boy?" he repeated, and his eyes wandered over her. "As a boy of ten?" he added, smiling.

"Ten!" She released her knees and drew herself up, indignant. "I'd look at least eighteen or perhaps twenty."

"Would you?" returned Rivinus quietly. "We'll see. Well, what is the difficulty? Why shouldn't you go? Is it the clothes you want?"

She nodded. "Exactly, the clothes. I couldn't buy them in Farland and I can't go to town. And then I want a man to go with me. I'd not feel quite safe alone."

"A man to go with you," repeated Rivinus. "Of course, I see, yes. Well, I'm your man, if that's it. We'll have"—his face had something in it not present before—"we'll have a very interesting time. What put it in your head?"

"I've thought of it before," she answered, "but it's more fun with an occasion like the Fair to give it point. It's a chance to see life from a new point of view. I want to see what men are really like; no woman ever does while they know she is a woman."

"Do you want to see what men are really like?" His eyes dwelt on her. "Well, I'll help you, but it must be a secret. We would get into frightful trouble if it got out. Have you thought of that?"

She laughed. "Have I? Of course, but what fun is there without risk? It must be a deep and deadly secret. Now, how will you manage?"

"Leave the details to me," answered Rivinus, "it's nothing for me to go to town. Then I'll get a buggy and drive you over; it's six miles if it's one. Can you get dressed and out of the house without being seen?"

She gave an emphatic nod. "That's simple enough. I'll let the servants go to the Fair. Grandfather never wanders about. We can meet at the end of the avenue."

Rivinus rolled over on his face in the grass and lay there a moment, then, sitting up, he fixed his eyes on her.

"Are you sure you have the nerve to go through with it?" he asked.

"Certain," she responded.

"We'll get something to eat there," he went on. "I know a place where we can get a quiet meal and talk things over—your experiences," he added, smiling. "But we won't start till two, say; you lunch at home, and there will be no wonder where you have gone and no lies. Never tell unnecessary lies; a character for truth is excellent to maintain if you wish to do what you ought not to do."

"Will you think of everything?"—she was looking at him with shining eyes,—"boots and a hat and clothes and a shirt and a cravat? How about the sizes?"

"I'll make a guess," he answered; "and now may I be allowed to suggest that the porch would be a more human, though possibly less inspired, spot."

"Come along then,"—she sprang to her feet,—"and remember that my name is Jim. Don't forget: I've always wanted to be called Jim."

"Your hair?" As Rivinus rose he stared at the curly knot at the back of her head.

She laughed. "I'll settle that," she answered. "It is hot! Let's make a bolt for the house," which they did with all speed.

IV.

It was a perfect summer's afternoon. Nell stood discontentedly fingering first one gown and then another. Should she put on her habit and order her horse? Alone? It wasn't a day to ride alone. She gave the skirt a little twitch as it hung in the closet. Should she dress in her best—her fingers caressed a pink-and-white flowered organdie—and pay visits? Peter could drive her. She made a little grimace. She hated visits. Should she put on her short skirt and go to the Davises and play tennis? Another grimace. She did not feel like tennis. She turned away, and going to the window leaned disconsolately out.

"What I want," she remarked, half smiling, half cross, "what I want is attention,—someone to laugh when I say things, and tell me how charming I am; someone to know if I get a blue ribbon to tie up my bonny brown hair," and somewhere far within a voice added, "What you really want is Dan"—but her heart beat restlessly as the words echoed through her and she turned quickly from them.

"What I want is—" she began again, but stopped abruptly as she heard the door open and turned to face Maria, who was quite used to entering to the sound of an animated conversation and finding her young mistress alone.

"Mr. Rivinus, Miss," said the woman, "and will you ride with him? He's on horseback, Miss."

Nell executed a *pas seul*.

"Tell him I'll be down at once," she said, bundling Maria out of the room, "and tell Peter to saddle Abe," and she sped into her habit with haste.

Under the shade of the chestnuts stood Rivinus and the two horses as she descended the steps from the porch and approached them through the glitter of the sunlight, and she waved a gauntlet and her whip as she drew near.

"You special dispensation," she cried, "I was just going to cut

my throat. I could not have borne solitude much longer." They shook hands, and he mounted her without delay. "I felt," she went on as they rode down the avenue, "that to-day was a day to be happy to the enth point, and I wasn't happy at all. I played the 'Triumph of Youth' in 'Faust' this morning and I have been longing for a Mephistopheles of my own ever since. Perhaps you will do." She laughed at him frankly, swaying joyously in her saddle.

"I might do at a pinch." Rivinus also laughed. "I certainly echo his sentiments on that particular occasion."

The girl stopped at a gate in the fence rails.

"Let us go over the fields to Haslemere," she said, and they turned in the gateway and cantered their horses over the grass.

"Did you get the things?" said Rivinus as they moved on side by side, and Nell nodded, and that was all that was said of their expedition next day. Tact was what he essentially possessed.

A gallop brought them to a cross-road, and the girl pointed with her whip to the sign.

"Salisbury Beach five miles," she said. "Have they ever driven you to Salisbury Beach?"

He shook his head. "Never."

"Then," she cried, "we will have a canter on the sands together. I had forgotten all about the existence of the sea. Come, we must get a gait on or we won't get there in the best part of the afternoon, and the road is ugly all the way and not to be lingered over or looked at."

"I'll look at you instead," returned Rivinus gayly, and they settled to a trot along the country road.

They made excellent time. The landscape seemed to pass the faster from its very sameness, for it grew flatter and duller as they pursued their way, and the last mile was along a sandy road with marshes and mud on one side, a stretch of gray grassed sand-dunes on the other.

"The sea," said Nell, waving her hand, and they quickened their trot instinctively at the sight of it.

It was a long, ugly beach, but the tide was out, and there was a hard stretch of sand for them to gallop on, and they raced along together, filling their lungs with deep breaths of salt air.

"It excites Abe's nerves," said the girl as they drew up and turned to come back, "and that slimy sea-weed disgusts him." The horse sidled and snorted as she spoke.

"One don't often see a beach neglected by the great public," remarked Rivinus. "No one seems to live here. I suppose it's those mud-flats and the barren country."

"Yes, and the beach itself." She pointed with her whip. "It's always loaded with sea-weed and it smells to Heaven!" She gave a little sniff.

"I'll race you from one end to the other," said Rivinus as they drew near the head of it, "and I'll bet you my Dante that I beat you too."

"Done!" she retorted, her eyes gleaming, "but I must give the word. One, two, three,—go!" and they were off side by side. He distanced her easily, and was waiting for her, pulled up, when she reached him.

"I knew I should win," said Rivinus, smiling. "I always know such things."

"That isn't considered a proper basis on which to make a bet," she returned. "Come, let's have another."

"Let us try something else," he suggested. "I'll wager you won't ride Abe into the sea up to your boot-heels."

She hesitated. He laughed as he watched her. She squared herself in her saddle.

"Prepare to forfeit your Dante," she cried over her shoulder, and turned Abe straight at the long line of low-breaking waves.

The horse snorted and reared; she struck him; he answered to the whip and plunged forward, then tried to rear again, but the seaweed was under his feet and he stumbled. The water was certainly up to her boot-heels, and Rivinus tried to reach her bridle as he kept beside her.

"The Dante is yours," he cried, laughing; "now to get out."

It was easier said than done. Abe was frightened; he didn't understand; the ground gave way under his feet; he found he could swim, however, and so he took to swimming and wouldn't stop. The girl was up to her waist. The man cursed his folly. His horse was more obedient than hers, however, and he reached her side, caught her bridle, and dragged the horse round by main force, the blood reddening the bit from the rough handling, and slipping, struggling, and wet to their shoulders he got them out, and the horses stood on the beach, their legs shaking under them, Abe's eyes very wild still, but his confusion too great for action to suggest itself.

Rivinus laid his hand on Abe's neck.

"Shall I get down on the sand and prostrate myself?" he said, "or will you believe that your servant knows his own folly? Can you forgive me?"

Her bright eyes, the pupils big and black, looked straight into his.

"I had quite a scare," she answered. "There's nothing to forgive you; it was quite as much my own fault, but, on the whole, it was rather a sensation. I think I never felt so helpless before." She gave a short, excited laugh.

He patted Abe's shining black skin and then straightened himself in the saddle. "You are the real thing," he said.

She laughed again. "Did you think I was made of sugar," she

returned, "and would melt? I propose that we seek the road and hurry home before we are discovered." She looked at him. The drops trickled from his cravat and deposited a stain of red on his coat; his hat had gone in the mêlée, and his dousing was evident to any but the most casual eye. He looked, however, shaken out of his usual nonchalance and gained by the fact. With the locks of his thick, dark hair disordered on his forehead, he struck her as handsome; it had never occurred to her to think him so before.

"We are hopelessly shown up," she went on, smiling. "Khaki is not suited to this particular purpose." She glanced down at the sharp line of darkened color where the water had reached. "However, this is an unfrequented road and we can scamper home with our tails between our legs. For the trouble is," she added gayly, "that we have nothing to show for it! No one rescued from a watery grave! No adventure! Just plain crass inability to manage my horse on my part—"

"And reckless idiocy on mine," finished Rivinus cheerfully. "Quite so, Mademoiselle, right's usual. Come, a gallop will warm us up and won't do these animals any harm," and off they went in high spirits again and made the best of their way back to the cross-roads. As they approached the last turn the girl pointed covertly with her whip.

"The Davises," she said. "Now prepare for eight needle eyes fastened on you. Come, let us take them at a canter," which they did, and passed a carriage full of people who bowed and smiled and stared and wondered with clattering tongues as they went down the road why Mr. Rivinus rode without his hat, and why they both looked so bedraggled, and where they had been, and how much they liked each other!

Nell turned to her companion as they slackened their pace.

"The Davis family never drive," she said; "they always play tennis every afternoon. It is a religious rite! But fortune has determined that we shall be found out. I feel it in my bones." She laughed and then gave an exclamation. "Goodness," she added, "here are the Mortons!"

Rivinus recognized a tall beauty he had remarked before, the daughter of a man not many years older than himself, and as she and her father approached on horseback and drew into a walk as they saw Nell, it was only possible to draw up also and speak to them.

Morton was a tall, cold, correct-looking man, who talked civilly with Nell and made up his mind that she must be a very unusual young lady to have an intellectual travelled man of the world like Rivinus not only ride with her, but ride with her with flashing eyes, an expression of utter satisfaction, and no hat! Rivinus, with all his steady pursuing of his own fancies, was no eccentric, and Morton, who was

also somewhat of a scholar, had too often met him in their native city and felt the power of his trained tongue and cultivated mind to set his opinion aside lightly.

"She must be a remarkable girl," he remarked thoughtfully to his daughter as they rode on, "though she only looks like a dashing little vivandière. She seems fond of you," he added curiously. "You never have her at the house. I like Harmon; he is a fine old aristocrat in that tumbledown house of his. We'll go over and call some time. Why don't you ask her to dinner?"

Grace felt a gentle exasperation. She and Nell had a decided fancy for each other which Mrs. Morton held in firm check.

"Nothing I should like better, papa," she said, "but I think you will find mamma discourages the idea. I like her better than half the girls mamma asks all the time, she's so straight." She hesitated over the word; it sounded slangy; but her father only smiled indulgently and they rode on in silence.

"Gad, she's a beauty!" Rivinus stooped a little to look into his companion's eyes. "She'd make two of you," he added, and their eyes met.

It gave her a startled thrill of pleasure, as it does any woman to read open admiration in a man's eyes, but there followed a desire to put several feet of road between them. She did not analyze the feeling, but laughed, and then, looking ahead of her, she drew up her reins instinctively and came almost to a stop.

They had rounded a corner at the cross-roads, and in front of them, not far away, was another couple on horseback.

The girl's eyes recognized them on the instant, it was Allston and his cousin. The horses were walking, the man leaning over and looking at the links that held the lady's cuff—an innocent action, but there was something in the bent head, something in the girl's half-shy, half-intimate attitude and expression, that gave Nell the feeling that someone had caught her heart in his hand and squeezed it.

Rivinus smiled. "A pretty picture," he said; "it seems a shame to interrupt them," but he contradicted his speech at once by riding up to them and claiming their instant sympathy and amusement at their wetting.

Nell joined them also and stood by while Rivinus gave an animated account of their trip to sea, with much satisfaction to himself and Miss Bell, Dan sitting silent on his horse, his brow sombre, his lips closed hard.

Nell looked at him. A terrible fear suddenly smote her. Could it last, this absurd estrangement, for absurd she called it, based on nothing but her self-will and his obstinacy? Could it be that he might find another nature more attractive to him as he studied it? She was silent also, a rush of words crowding and jostling to her lips.

He turned to her. "Had you not better hurry home and change your things," he said distantly, "or are you proof against cold water?"

Her heart lightened. He did care still, he did not forget her welfare even at this moment. She felt a desire to try and move him.

"I was frightened, Dan," she said, drawing her horse a little nearer; "it was quite nasty."

He met her eyes with the sulphurous look she knew.

"You were surprised not to have your horse turn amphibious?" he answered in that new, chill voice of his. "You asked a good deal from nature."

Their eyes met; they might have been a mile asunder for all the sympathy that look expressed.

"Mr. Rivinus," she gathered up her reins, "you may stand chatting there, but I am ho, for home and the tea-pot!" and she trotted down the road, waving her whip to Miss Bell by way of farewell.

Rivinus joined her at once, and as they rode across the fields to the farm he watched her, then as they entered the avenue he tried an experiment. It was certainly no pleasure to him to have her look proud, pale, and indifferent.

"That girl," he began slowly, "is very sweet and dear, a charming child, just what a child should be. You like her when you are with her, and you can hardly recall her features five minutes later."

Nell rode silently beside him.

"And as Dan succinctly put it the other night," he went on, "when we were summing her up, children are very nice, but they are best in the nursery."

They were at the door.

"May I come in?" said Rivinus as he dismounted her. "I am dry enough, and that cup of tea sounded most tempting."

He felt almost a pang as he saw how well the experiment had worked.

She smiled into his face with her usual light-heartedness.

"Don't it?" she said. "I am dying for it, and you can lace yours with grandfather's whiskey. Go in and talk to him while I slip this habit off," and she disappeared like a feather in the wind.

Rivinus walked through the hall into the gallery, but it was empty, and with an imperceptible shrug which expressed the fact that he could survive without Mr. Harmon's company, he walked into the square drawing-room at the end, which was Nell's especial sanctum.

He never entered it without fresh appreciation of its charm, and stood now looking about him.

The Harmon many generations back who had deserted the law, the profession of the family, and taken to the country, had done something

for the room in giving it its square and excellent proportions and deep window-seats in the wide windows, but the rest was the girl's handiwork.

The walls were covered with shelves of all sizes, fitted exactly to the books that filled them, and on a level with one's eyes the books stopped and boughs of green began. She had collected any number of brown jugs and gray pitchers and filled them with oak and birch and beech, and then raided the old farm kitchen for bowls and filled them with bright garden flowers; the room glowed with them. There were a few old, graceful chairs that you avoided, and a few tubby, squat stuffed ones that you sank into at ease; there was a piano crushed into a corner, and a heterogeneous lot of photographs and engravings crowded on the walls. Since there was no fire in the bricked fire-place, there was a tub of bold golden flowers that filled the whole space and even flaunted over the brick edges.

Rivinus picked up a book that was lying face down on a table and had just read the name, when he heard the swish of skirts behind him, and turned to meet a young lady in a long-tailed gray gown who rather astonished him. Behind her came the maid with the tea-tray, and when they were established opposite each other he broke into his low laugh.

"I wish Morton could see you now," he said; "the conquest would be complete. It worries him to like anything that savors of the dashing, but your present demure femininity would tickle him mightily."

"Mr. Morton?" she raised her brows as she handed him his cup. "He hardly knows me when he sees me. Would you like some whiskey? You must be cold."

"Thank you, no,"—he shook his head,—"I'm an abstemious person and I really have dried out beautifully. The tea goes to the right spot. When I've drunk mine, may I sing you a song?"

"May you?" She gave him her prettiest smile. "Nothing I should like better."

Yes there is, thought Rivinus as he drank his tea and went to the piano, you would like unmusical Dan a good deal better, but he was too genuinely what he was not to prefer his dish spiced with unknown ingredients, a dish that also had the merit of leaving him unsatisfied.

"It's short," he said, turning on the stool and smiling at her; "it goes thus," and he sang eight lines of verse in a tongue utterly unknown to her, with a catching cadence in the chords that accompanied them, then he turned to her again.

"I'll lay long odds you don't know what speech that is in?" he said, his eyes fixed on her. Her look, with its peculiar brightness, met his, and without hesitation she spoke.

"Oh, but I do," she said coolly, "it's Maltese."

They stared a moment into each other's face and then he uttered an exclamation.

"Reading my thoughts, by Jove!" he said. "You small witch, I'll thank you not to do that."

"Funny, wasn't it?" she answered slowly. "I hardly think I knew they had a language of their own. But the word sprang into my mind as surely as though you had spoken it."

"I shall have to be careful," returned Rivinus, "not to let you get something of importance out of me,—how I feel towards your fair self, for instance. Can you guess that? I hope not. Wild horses wouldn't drag it out of me. On principle, I never believe in letting a woman know quite how you feel to her."

She said nothing, but kept her cool gaze on him and studied him; he felt it and laughed.

"Would you like to know what the words mean?" he went on.

She uttered an emphatic assent.

He turned to the piano and played the song again, humming the words to himself, then played it again, dropping the English version over his shoulder to her.

"This particular Maltese says that, having wandered everywhere and drunk deep of every cup offered him, plucked every flower within his reach, he once met a maiden into whose shining eyes he looked and saw heaven, but he never pressed the lovely lips beneath. That among all the women he has known the woman he spared was the woman he loved.

The girl sat with her cheek on her hand, her elbow on the table, listening, absorbed. As he turned at the end she heaved a quick little sigh.

"So the Maltese have poets among them," she said, "and I never even knew they had a language."

Rivinus caught the approaching shadow of Mr. Harmon in the gallery beyond.

"They are chiefly famous for their cats," he said lightly, and, getting up, held out his hand. "Thank you for the tea," he added; "I must be going home. Will you make my regrets to Mr. Harmon at my not finding him?" He broke off and turned to meet the older man as he entered. "How are you, sir," he went on. "I was just leaving a message for you. I am late and must take myself off. You don't know what it is to have a punctilious housekeeper as hostess."

"That would not be the word for me, would it, grandfather?" said Nell, standing up beside the older man. He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Not exactly," he said. "Nell, ring for Mr. Rivinus's horse."

"We meet to-night at Mrs. Allston's," said the girl as she did so.

"Don't forget to teach me that song. Even eight lines of Maltese would give me a learned feeling," and a moment later she stood alone with Mr. Harmon, their guest speeded into the twilight.

The girl looked up at the old man as they walked into the gallery together.

"That was a strange, taking little song," she said. "You would have liked it, grandfather, only"—she hesitated, then added—"only you don't like anything about him, do you?"

"Candidly, I do not," returned Mr. Harmon, and they sat down to their chess.

V.

It was only seven o'clock when Dan stood in his evening clothes in front of the tall clock in the wide hall. He studied the brass face with a kind of interest that meant that he was thinking of something quite other than its moon features, and he then took his way to his father's study with a slow, considering step. He knocked, was bidden to enter, and pushed open the door, then, crossing the room, stood near the empty fireplace.

Mr. Allston was sitting in the depths of his easy-chair by his writing-table. A lamp threw its light on his delicately cut features. He had no beauty. Dan got his height and brilliant florid coloring from his mother, but his father's crumpled, slight figure and drawn, dark skin could not detract from an air of distinction that was the unalienable possession of the Allston family. Mr. Allston was also in evening dress, prepared for the dinner his wife gave that night. He closed a book as his son entered and fixed his light-gray eyes on him. They had fire in them, but it was the smouldering flame of a nature that has been rigorously kept in narrow limits.

There was silence between them. Dan stood looking out into the room with a gloomy composure that gave Mr. Allston some cause for wonder.

He had seen his son in the last week, often in this very room, impatient, fretted, remorseful, and half rebellious, but this aspect of self-reliant determination was not often brought to his study.

"Well," he began, "you appointed this interview, Dan. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

His manner was not sarcastic, on the contrary, he was always courteous, but it was weary—deeply so, and it always gave his son a sense of the necessity of haste, lest he should trespass too long upon his father's time and patience.

"I have come"—the young man shifted his position slightly and met his father's eyes with his own—"I have come on a rather difficult errand."

Mr. Allston gazed at him. There were two things in his son which

gave him unmitigated pleasure. One was his honesty, the other a spirit of boldness that often led him to do the very things his father contemned—but the spirit, he believed, could ultimately be forced to higher outlets.

Dan clasped his hands behind his back and his air of gravity deepened.

"I have come to ask you to lend me a considerable sum of money," he said slowly.

Mr. Allston dropped his eyes on the paper-knife he had been idly handling. He felt a sense of bitter disappointment.

"So," he said slowly,—"so on Thursday, when we went over the whole ground so thoroughly, as I supposed, you were not completely frank with me, you kept something back?"

His son's eyes grew very light and shining, his lips curled.

"You suggest, sir, that I lied last Thursday?"

Mr. Allston stared at him, puzzled.

"This money is for no necessity of my own," the young man went on. "When I said I would give you a complete account of myself, I held back nothing. I am sorry you should suppose it possible that I should have done so."

This was carrying the war into the enemy's country. Mr. Allston's lips twitched slightly; he frowned.

"Your opening sentence misled me," he said with his usual dignity, but with his son remained the advantage.

"Shall I give you the whole story, sir?" he asked. "I believe you will feel as I do about it."

His father assented with an inclination of his head.

Dan jammed his hands into his pockets and leaned back with his characteristic swagger; a touch of the aggressive in him told his father that the story was not easy to tell.

"I told you in the beginning of that row about the gambling in our rooms, sir," he began, "that I had been more to blame than some of the fellows, and that it was square enough that the faculty should pitch on me." He stopped.

His father again assented.

"Well, they threw out three chaps with me, as, of course, you know; two of them were leaders, deeper in than I was, but the other was Pete Harrison." He hesitated. "You never saw him, I think, sir; I had only been much with him in the last year. Well, he was as quiet and nice a chap as I know when I first knew him, and I am ashamed to say I think I got him into most of his trouble." He stopped a moment, his color rose, but he held his father's eyes with his. "I didn't take in how far we were getting," he went on more slowly; "I thought we'd have larks and forgot we'd have to pay for them, and,

altogether, I guess I didn't think at all. Well, sir, when the crash came and we were fired, he went home, as I did. I got a letter from him to-day. His father has turned him out to shift for himself; and that's not the worst of it: he has debts of honor that his father won't pay."

There was silence in the room. Mr. Allston had no idea of helping Dan out. Let him say his say.

The young man began again more doggedly.

"I feel how unreasonable it must seem to you," he went on, "that I should make any further demands on you after your generous treatment of my extravagance and folly, but I have no one else to apply to. I thought it possible that you would advance me the money and that I could at some future time repay you."

His father studied his face.

"May I ask when you expect to make any money," he said, "and how?"

His son flushed. "I can't answer either question, sir," he answered; "I suppose, as other men do. But I remembered my inheritance from my grandmother. It was to come to me on my twenty-fifth birthday. Could you advance it to me, or is that impossible?"

Mr. Allston had one weakness. His nature was rigorously high-minded; his extreme refinement excluded all minor faults; he hated conviviality, roystering, and folly, but with money he was prodigal. It was where the aristocrat conquered the Puritan. That you should pay your son's debts without a word and then should scarify him for his follies, that you should pour your purse into your friend's lap and never be tempted to share his pleasures, this was Mr. Allston's way of life. His eyes met Dan's with their usual judicial coldness.

"It is possible, yes," he returned, and there was silence.

"I should want you to understand," Mr. Allston went on, "just what you are doing. Your grandmother left you a small amount as a personal remembrance. I should not feel myself justified in relieving you of the loss of it. If you feel yourself responsible for your friend's difficulties, you must bear the result of your own wrong-doing. Your two sisters must have their share of fortune, and because they are hardly more than children yet is no reason why I should overlook their interests. "I can give you the money if you wish, only never let me hear that you regret it."

Dan gave a sort of growl.

His father proceeded:

"You may want to marry early—you are that kind of person; you may be sorry then that you should have cut into your little inheritance. However, you can settle that with your wife. How much money will you want?"

"Two thousand dollars." The young man colored as he announced the sum.

Mr. Allston raised his brows.

"Quite a figure." He paused a moment. "Are you sure you feel sufficiently responsible for this young man's downfall to give him a fifth of your grandmother's legacy?"

The answer was emphatic. "Quite sure."

Mr. Allston regarded his son with an expression which conveyed nothing of the mental resolution he was making that Dan should lose little by his loyalty. He rose and, slipping the book he had been reading into an orderly stand on the table, turned to leave the room.

"I'll see you about the papers for this in the morning," he said. "Your mother will be expecting us in the drawing-room. By the way,"—he paused with his hand on the door-knob,—"you tried the new horse with Amy to-day. How did it go?" They faced each other.

"Very well," the young man answered; then he colored violently as he spoke. "If mother thinks I am going to marry a girl of her choosing, she's wide of the mark. We might as well understand each other about it, you and I at least. I am going to marry Nell Harmon if she will have me."

"So I supposed." Mr. Allston looked full into his son's eyes. "I regret it, because I think you need a more conservative element in your household, but it is not a matter in which I should attempt to fetter your choice, unless you had forgotten your 'station.'"

He left the room, and Dan gave an impatient shake of his shoulders as he followed him across the hall.

Mrs. Allston's dinner-party was given in honor of the young cousin who was paying them a visit.

Mrs. Allston never asked anyone to stay with them who was not a relation, and perhaps in this instance she also had some recollection of the fortune Miss Amy Bell would hold in her own right in a year's time. She was seventeen, pretty, and an only child. Dan's mother might be pardoned if she thought they looked very well together as they stood waiting for the guests to arrive.

It was a charming room to receive in, but one wondered where domestic life held its sway in the Allston household. The whole suite of rooms seemed always on dress parade. The delicate, old-fashioned silks that covered the chairs would have been outraged at the sight even of Dan's squad of puppies at the stable, the books were locked in glass cases, even some beautiful china was behind glass also, and no flowers were thought worthy to set in the valuable vases. But the house was eminently fitted for the purpose of society. The big rooms were delightfully proportioned, and so admirably connected that they made

pictures of the young people assembled, and even Mrs. Allston could not deprive her entertainments of gaiety.

She stood, looking very like Dan, as Amy observed with inward reluctance, and gazed about with a keen eye to the exact propriety of her drawing-room.

"I am glad to see you in white, my dear," she tapped the girl's arm with her fan; "young girls should wear nothing else, in my opinion."

Rivinus, who stood in one of the deep arches of a window, laughed.

The girl turned to him naturally, as the young do to those who are merry.

"My sister would garb you like a little nun," he said, smiling. "And yet she cannot be said to be very successful in suppressing her own young people. Does Dan strike you as resembling a monk?"

They both laughed, and Mrs. Allston shot a glance of wonder at her brother as she received her guests. How he managed to establish his relations with young people at once was a mystery to her, and a reprehensible mystery too.

An hour or two later, when dinner was over and Amy slipped up to her hostess and said softly that Miss McIntyre would play a waltz if Cousin Dorothea would let them dance, Mrs. Allston inwardly referred this unnecessary ebullition of spirits on Amy's part to five minutes spent in Rivinus's company. There seemed no valid reason to refuse, however, and when she led the way to the music-room even Mrs. Allston's black velvet and pearls, with her stony face above, could no longer dampen the ardor of youth.

The room in which the piano stood was an ample square, and the few pretty old-fashioned arm-chairs were thrust back against the walls, permitting a delightful space for dancing.

Mrs. Allston tapped her son on the arm. "You will open the dancing with Amy," she said in her low, emphatic voice, "and no romping, please."

He gave her a glance as icy as her own and bowed in silence, then, crossing to where Miss Bell stood, he stopped before her.

"We are to open the ball, Amy," he said. She jumped up gladly and gave a little, excited laugh; it was the drop that filled her cup.

"Are we?" she returned. "Well, then, Dan, will you lead Miss McIntyre to the piano? She seemed not very sure your mother would like it."

Her young host gave a slight and not very pleasant smile, and with a nod turned to seek the kind lady in question. In the first glance he cast about the room he met the inquiring look of Miss Harmon's eyes as she sat not far away, talking to Mr. Rivinus. They exchanged a glance that would not have disgraced a pair of duellists, and Dan crossed into the next room to continue his search.

Miss Harmon turned to her companion.

"Have you ever seen a ghost?" she asked. "I have been reading about a lot of them this afternoon, and grandfather was so discouraging. He gave one of those wise old smiles of his when I asked him about them, and I felt like a fool. Have you ever seen one?"

Rivinus sat, as he usually did, with his gaze concentrated with some impertinence on the woman to whom he talked, an impertinence which she, however, seemed to find pardonable. He had folded his arms and rested them on the back of the slight, gilded chair on which he sat astride.

"That's a leading question," he answered, "but I'll tell you some interesting things if you will give me this waltz and agree to go with me to the library and get your answer there. You know it is supposed to be haunted by the old Allston who was hung. I don't know whether the family are prouder of him or of his ghost."

The girl laughed. "Well, there is something rather distinguished about having an ancestor hung—it's uncommon; and then most people are silly enough to be ashamed of it. It's so delightfully original to regard it as a glory. I've always heard that he stands at the window and shoots at the trespasser, as he did one hundred years ago. It was a little ruthless of him, don't you think? But then he had warned him, hadn't he?"

"Warning a man is not thought an entire offset to his subsequent murder," returned Rivinus drily, "and they had law-courts then, as now. The Allstons have as black a streak of resentment in them as any family I know."

The girl glanced across the room to where Dan now stood with his Cousin Amy; the first bars of the music had begun; it echoed softly through the room, and as Allston led the way two or three couples followed.

"Let us begin while there is a clear floor," said Rivinus, and, standing up, he looked down to her. "We have never danced, have we?" he went on slowly. "You look almost too light, as though one would have nothing to catch hold of." He laughed, and putting his arm about her, they slid into the rhythm. He danced with a sort of poised quiet that gave her the full sway of the motion, he talking all the while in a low voice, and they waltzed on until the music died away in lingering strains.

Meanwhile Allston had brought his cousin to her seat.

"Thank you, Dan,"—she looked up at him, a little breathless,— "thank you; it was delightful!" but she felt a curious sense of disappointment. He waltzed admirably, with rapid accuracy of time, and with a sort of élan and style that sent him like a meteor through the room, but it had lacked the sentiment that can dwell in a waltz—

and to-night he had danced in silence, without even a glance dropped on the animated face of his partner.

Across the room Rivinus stood with a dreamy light in his dark eyes that gave his companion a thrill of what she hardly could give a name to, perhaps it was pleasure.

"I learned to dance not many years ago," he said; "a Spanish woman taught me, and she said the point of the waltz was to master so perfectly the movement that it left you free to give yourself up completely to the influence of your partner's personality."

The girl's eyes sparkled with a sort of defiance.

"Very Spanish, no doubt," she retorted, "but that is not my idea of waltzing."

Rivinus stared at her a moment and then broke into an amused laugh. "I should say not," he said, his eyes now hard, bright, and searching; "you fight against magnetic influence as hotly as they yield to it. By the way, if you want to see something handsome look across the room." She did so, and certainly what she saw was worth looking at.

Dan stood with a new partner, ready for the next dance, and his height and good looks were matched by those of the girl who stood beside him.

It was Grace Morton. She was the only creature in the neighborhood whose nearer friendship Ellen Harmon had ever desired, but the extreme conventionality of her family and surroundings made intercourse between them difficult. Her beauty was startling, a Juno softened with a sweetness of expression that gave the other girl a pang as she noted Dan's eyes resting on the lovely face. Rivinus watched her, but her insouciant little countenance did not easily betray emotion; her eyes might have shown something, but they were fixed on the couple opposite.

"They would make a stunning pair, wouldn't they?" pursued Rivinus. "One feels as though they must both of them feel they have met their worthy match."

"You don't believe in Schopenhauer's theory of opposites, then?" the girl returned with a laugh. "I wish Miss McIntyre would play again, Grace dances divinely." The music began as she spoke, but Rivinus gave an impatient shake to his shoulders.

"It's a stupid polka," he said; "no one could make that divine. Let us take this moment to look up Thomas Allston in the library. What do you say?"

She gave a little nod of acquiescence, and they walked away, followed by the stern eyes of their hostess, filled with chill displeasure.

"It's a strange old room." Miss Harmon stood in the open window, where a long, cool shaft of moonlight fell on her. "Even to-

night, with the lamp burning, it has a sort of chill, with its musty old books. Does no one ever read or write in here? The table looks so undisturbed, the shelves so orderly and neglected."

"You forget the presence of Thomas," answered Rivinus. "Who can read or write, when they are listening for a pistol-shot?"

She stared at him with big eyes. "You don't really mean this room isn't used on account of Thomas Allston?"

He made a gesture. "Look about, and account for it in any other way;" then he added after a moment's pause, "you asked me whether I'd ever seen a ghost. I saw this very Allston once. It was a great sensation; I would not have bartered it for much money."

Miss Harmon had slipped into the window-seat, and she looked up at him.

"Give me the whole thing," she said gayly; "I sha'n't believe a word of it, but it will give me a heavenly thrill."

Rivinus leaned against the window-curtain and looked down at her, with his amused toleration of her innocence.

"Charming sceptic," he returned, "do you think you have fathomed the secrets of the universe? May I ask how far your studies have carried you? Are you a student of the supernatural and of Black Art?"

She broke into a light laugh. "My dear Manfred," she answered, "have you not yet learned that I am a student of nothing? But under your able tuition I have no doubt I might learn an art or two. Must I become black temporarily? What does one do? Call up the devil and sign a paper? I am a minor still. Will that make it not binding?"

She was charming, and with all her gayety there was an eager curiosity in her eyes that made him rejoice in his disciple.

He squared his shoulders, thrust his hands in his pockets, and gave his low, intensely amused laugh, that yet had something insolent in it which she always resented.

"You adorable young woman," he said, "you need never be afraid of losing a lover. Dan may flirt a little with Juno in there, but he'll come back to you; they always will. You have so much savor. It's wonderful. One is never dull with you. It is a great gift, the best a woman can have to secure men with. I'd not have missed knowing you for the world. I'm really glad I gave up July in Venice to visit my relations."

She met his eyes with a cool stare.

"You were going to tell me about Thomas Allston," she responded.

Rivinus laughed to himself. "I was, I will," he answered. "To begin with, I believe in him. I believe in many things. In spirits, most of which are bad;" he stopped and looked down into her widely opened eyes; "in supernatural appearances, many of which are dangerous; in magic arts, the best of which is Black."

Miss Harmon furled and unfurled her satin fan.

"Did you ever see the Naked Foot that Bulwer tells of, and did you, like him, overturn your magic fire?" Her eyes were brilliant with interest.

"We called a different spirit," returned Rivinus gravely, "but our experience was much the same. The man I was with fainted and, falling forward, broke the bowl that held the liquids and dispersed them. I had only heard the voices, I saw nothing."

He was in earnest, she felt that; it gave her the thrill she had asked for.

"The voices," she repeated, "were they sweet or——"

"Two of them were sweet," he answered, "and the other was harsh and terrible; it was that which knocked out Harris's nerve." She looked at him with charmed eyes. He went on, "I can do many curious things. I am the best fortune-teller in the country, barring a few Gypsies whose blood is pure. I lived in a camp of Zingaris in Spain and learned their language, their tricks, and their peculiar moral laws. Give me your palm and I'll tell your fortune. Come over by the lamp; there is no light to see the lines here."

He drew her over to the one light which burned on a table at the side of the room. She sat down and he close beside her, her little palm laid open on one of his.

He scanned the lines curiously; they made no tangled web, as women's lines so often do, they were few and deeply cut.

"I am discouraged by your palm," he said slowly; "it lacks the power of abandon I had credited you with; it is too rational and hard-headed. Your 'mounts' are balanced, your emotions few. You are an actress, though, more of one than I had supposed,"—he glanced up at her keenly,—"and you have a very positive will; rather a manly little hand. I have no doubts of our expedition to-morrow." He turned her fingers over. "Ah, this is better; your fingers are more impulsive, headlong; your temperament more susceptible than the palm betrayed; there is more love of pleasure." Again he turned back to the palm. "As to your fortune, you have splendid health and will have it through life; it has been unbroken in the past—no, there is an illness here, at about ten?" He looked up; she nodded. "You will never have great wealth, but yet you will never lack the means to enjoy life. Your luck is broken, good and bad. In the past you have had one grief,—yes, I must be right, as a child you had a sharp grief when very little, but it cut deep, you wince still." Again he looked up and she drew her fingers back, but did not deny the statement.

Rivinus took her hand again. "One moment, let me tell you this. You understand men less because you are much like them; you must study them, and nobody learns from any one specimen of a thing; you

must have more than one, to grasp the nature of it. Let as many men make love to you as will, it will do them no harm, and you will learn your lesson. Try them, weigh them, play on their emotions. I know no magic like the startling changes of man's nature, as the chemicals of passion are poured over it, to see the particles dissolve and take a thousand shapes; it's the most absorbing study in the world. Have you ever been in a laboratory? No? I must fix one up for you with a few things, at least, and we will compound a philtre together." He laughed. "Of what kind do you think?"

He still held her hand, and as he finished, without waiting for her answer, he turned to face the window.

"Look a moment," he said suddenly, and his voice had a note in it that chilled her like a draught of cold air. "Do you see nothing?"

The girl turned startled eyes to the window. With his disengaged hand Rivinus put out the lamp.

"Now," he went on, "study the moonlight a little, and tell me you no longer believe in Thomas Allston."

There was a silence. She felt her heart throb so loudly in her bosom that it was like the insistent tick of a clock; she wondered if he heard it; she was collected enough to think of that, though with a horrible sinking of that throbbing heart she realized that she was seeing something in the window.

"Look higher," whispered Rivinus; "he is tall and leans far out."

The girl felt that something was happening to her, this pulsing column of electricity in her was not her own, the vision she was beginning to see was imposed upon her, and with an effort of will so strong that she felt as though she snapped a chain she stood up. The sudden movement dragged her hand from Rivinus's clasp, she swayed a little, then gave a trembling laugh.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," she said, "but I see nothing."

Her companion stood up beside her; he was pale, but she hardly noticed it in the moonlight, and when he had lit the lamp again he faced her with his usual composure.

"You say you saw nothing," he said deliberately, "but perhaps you understand why I don't write my letters here in the evenings. I get a whiff of his presence almost every night I come here. I only come, therefore, when I feel rather more than my usual self. But, on my honor, I thought you would break his power. I am half glad you could not. Come, let us go, I hear a waltz," he ended as they walked towards the dancing-room, "may I have it?"

They had stopped a moment in the long hall, facing each other.

"You are not sorry to have visited the library?" It was Rivinus who spoke. "It is worth while to have uncommon sensations, don't you think so? And you will find a longing come over you to repeat

them; they will not allow themselves to be obliterated, even by a feeling as acute as dancing with a man who is half in love with you."

They were in the door-way; she flashed a look at him and laughed.

"Or with a man who more than half laughs at you," she said. "Come, let us dance hard! I want Thomas Allston's memory wiped out, and every book in there burned—or dusted!"

Rivinus laughed also, and round the room they swept, dancing hard, as she had said, and only stopped for breath at last.

Young Allston crossed the room and stopped before them.

"Am I to have the honor of a dance?" he asked stiffly.

The girl met his eyes coldly. She tried to say no, but she could not get the words out, an overwhelming desire to waltz once that night with him was too strong for her. She bowed and, taking a step forward, felt his strong young arm encircle her. They floated off.

Ah, this was what the evening might have meant, this—this unspeakable rapture, she named it wildly to herself, instead of those strange, conflicting sensations in which certainly rapture bore no part. And all would be smooth again if she would give up her mad scheme—and tell Dan so.

She hesitated and looked up at him. His face was set, the lines intensely grave. Rivinus's words came to her. It was not the way to become the equal of the man you loved to seek to know nothing beyond the round of his nature, and surely a little folly was a good thing. Would he like her the better if she exactly resembled the girls who never departed from the straight paths. She set her teeth, she would see it through. The music stopped, and Dan, standing beside her, looked down at her.

"Nell," he said a little hoarsely, "you have given up that—that idea of yours, haven't you? We can make friends, can't we?"

She smiled gayly. "By all means let us make friends," she said, "but the idea holds good."

"Oh, it does, does it?" he answered savagely; "then I thank you for the dance and will bid you good-evening."

She acknowledged his bow with a deep courtesy, and a lad coming up, who asked her for the next dance, she accepted him, and Allston and the one creature he desired to speak to were parted for the evening.

VI.

It was five by the town clock when a buggy drove up to the "Overdale House," and Mr. Rivinus, accompanied by a young man, entered the quiet hall-way, with a bar at the back.

"Can you give me a cool room and something to eat?" he asked. Rivinus knew the proprietor of the shabby little inn, and the man came forward bowing.

"Take the gentlemen upstairs, William," he said to the one waiter who hung about. The latter ushered them up one half flight of a musty old staircase and into a scantily furnished room, and waited to take their orders.

The wide windows looked out on the fields that edged the town and so towards the Fair. The furniture was dingy, but the place was clean and deliciously cool after the broiling sunlight outside, and the young lad who accompanied Rivinus sank down on the sofa with a sigh of relief. Rivinus turned to the waiter.

"I want some cheese and bread and butter and—er—will you take beer or whiskey, Jim?" He turned to his companion.

"Beer," was the answer, delivered with such a charming smile that the waiter subsequently brought up two bottles, to satisfy such an evident predilection.

"Beer for one, and if you have any ale, bring me a bottle of that," said Rivinus, and the man left the room and closed the door behind him.

There was a moment's pause; then Rivinus crossed to the girl's side and, dropping on one knee by the sofa, pressed his lips to her hand.

"You are beyond words the finest creature of your sex," he cried. "I didn't believe a woman could do it. How you have carried it off! Has it been too much? I am sorry I let you get into that show, it was worse than I expected. But what a treasure I've found; you are the best 'mate' I've ever met. To think that you are a woman! It has turned my head, but you won't mind, that's you; the day isn't done yet, the hour I've longed for remains."

She sat upright with a laugh.

"I suppose that means lunch! You see I've already eaten, and you, in getting off earlier, went without. But I think I'll be glad of the cheese and beer too. Don't it sound delightful! Cheese and beer! Mannish to the last point."

He stood up and walked to the window. "Mannish!" he repeated. "Do you think you seem mannish to me? You have never seemed more adorably feminine in your life."

The look in his eyes brought a slight color to her cheek, but she laughed.

"That would be discouraging if I hadn't taken everybody in so successfully. Here is lunch. Doesn't it look good?"

Plain as the food was, they made a very gay meal. She drank one glass of beer, and made Rivinus finish the bottle while the waiter was out of the room.

Then while the things were being cleared away Rivinus handed his cigar-case to his young companion.

"Thank you,"—the boy's voice had a note of pure delight,—“but I prefer cigarettes, I have my own,” and turning to the waiter he added, “Have you got a match?”

The man pulled a box out of his pocket, and lighting one held it out. The boy's fingers shook a little as he lit his cigarette, but his laugh accounted for that.

“We'll smoke for a while; I'll ring if I want anything,” Rivinus said as the door closed and they were alone again.

They smoked in silence for a moment or two, and Nell, settling into the comfortable sofa, leaned her head against the high old-fashioned back.

“I'm overcome with triumph,” she said. “To think that I've done it and come out all right. We must start back soon; it wouldn't do to make a failure now.”

“Soon,” repeated Rivinus slowly. “Yes, so we must, but aren't you going to thank me first?” He sat down beside her, and laying his arm along the back of the sofa, his hand nearly touched her cheek. “It has been a pretty good time, hasn't it?” he went on, “and you owe it to me.”

“Just so,” Nell laughed, “and I'm exceedingly grateful; you have been splendid! But, then, is none of the credit mine?”

“That's true,”—Rivinus laughed also,—“and though I've always been tolerably sure there are not many like me in the world, I am quite convinced there is no one like you. No other living creature could have given me these piquant hours, and do you guess where half the charm lay?”

She did not meet his eyes. “In the fear of being found out,” she responded. She wished suddenly that he were not so near.

“Yes, half of it,” he answered; his voice was very sweet, its persuasive quality struck her. “Yes, but the other half lay for me in this—they all thought you a boy, but I—I knew you were a woman.”

She faced about and met his eyes. They were expressive of what she had never thought of in connection with this man; there had been light folly, but this— She was silent, but she sustained his gaze for one long moment, then dropped her eyes.

“Of all things in life that are worth while,” went on Rivinus, and as he spoke she felt his power and his charm, “to run into an unexplored sea is the best, don't you think so? We are not bent on plumb-ing the depths, you and I, but while we are here in this strange ocean, with not another creature in sight, this little room our ship, we will for a moment drink of the cup of wonder.” He took her hand and looked into her startled eyes. “Are you afraid of me, Nell?”

The girl felt as though she were in a trap, and yet she was still faced towards the wrong path by her pride. She hated to be afraid,

and she *was* afraid—of what she hardly knew. She drew her hand away and sat bolt upright, her lips closing tightly. She gave a glance round the room, which Rivinus interpreted according to his own lights.

He rose, and crossing quickly to the door he locked it, and coming back stood before her, then, stooping, took her hands and drew her to her feet.

"I am going to take only one instant of your life on those sweet lips of yours, but, by Heaven, it is worth ten ordinary years." His voice, his presence, seemed to melt about her like a mist. He drew her nearer, their eyes met, he stooped his head, but with a wild outbreak of force she freed herself.

"You've reckoned without your host,"—she tried to laugh. "Come, we must go."

He caught her two hands again. "Go, and without my guerdon! Not on my life!"

She stood still, her hands in his, and faced him.

"Do you want me to call for help?" she said, her scorn in her eyes.

He laughed in her face. "Hardly, under the circumstances. I think you'll prefer to give in and render to Cæsar those things which are his, for, by the Lord! I do not go unpaid." His eyes sparkled with the light of battle. "I never thought of this," he went on. "I believed you were here for this very purpose!" The girl's face whitened. "What do you think men and women play such pranks for? Have you and I been studying together all these weeks, and can you not spell the first syllable of passion? I'll teach you in my arms, then, nor shall I let you escape."

They faced each other. She wrenched her hands in his grasp and he suddenly freed them. She walked to the window. It was wide open, and six feet below jutted a little porch, then a bit of yard, the fields, and beyond the Fair. She measured the distance; it brought a curious calm into her face. She turned to him.

"You won't do this," she said gently, her color set in bright spots in her cheeks. "We have been such good friends. Did you mistake me. I meant——"

He came nearer to her and, folding his arms, looked down into her eyes, which flared into his own, brilliant with excitement.

"You meant," he repeated, "what? One never knows, one never tracks one's thoughts closely when one yields to pure love of adventure and—pleasure. You meant to venture into unknown paths—with me. Why not?" He smiled down into her inner self, as it seemed to her. She shrank from the profanation of his ardent eyes, but felt almost dizzy under the power of them. "What is the world for," he went on, "but for the pleasures of mankind? The moments as they go can be

caught and lived fully, gayly, madly, but there need be no count of them. One does not reckon one's acts. When one is wise they are impulses; follow them, then forget them. When a man and woman stand thus and look into each other's eyes, is it a wonder that their lips should meet?"

Her eyes had dropped slowly beneath his glance; she felt him lay his hands lightly on her shoulders; she drew a deep breath and threw back her head.

"So," she answered, her voice so low he hardly caught the first words, "so it has been for this you have taught me your philosophy! It was to this your Frenchmen were to lead me with their pleasures and their loves! How dull, how heavy-witted I have been, to think a man such as you openly professed yourself could care for the innocent friendship of a girl! Fool that I have been!" She drew her hands from him and struck them together with a painful force, then, turning suddenly, she swung herself on to the window-sill and then without a word dropped out.

Rivinus sprang to the casement and, leaning out, saw that she had fallen forward on her arm, saw her rise slowly and drop herself over the roof-edge to the ground, saw her emerge into sight again at the gate, then appear on the road through the fields. She turned then and raised her hand in a cool gesture of farewell. He caught his breath with an epithet of mingled admiration and anger; and so she passed out of his sight.

VII.

NELL walked quickly on. She was suffering a mingled agony of mind and body. Her left wrist was broken or sprained, she kept her hand in her pocket as she walked, it ached intolerably, but it was nothing to the sudden overthrow of her spirit.

To get home, to be protected, looked after. To get these lying clothes off, to be a woman, to be helped and shielded, and oh, those six long miles between her and the farm.

She crossed the edge of the crowd, hurried by, and, taking the high-road, made straight for home. She had no fear of Rivinus; his part was done, she had paid the price of a broken wrist for that; the blackness of it was no longer to be feared.

The faint air hardly stirred the curls on her forehead, the road was thick in dust, and as she trudged on the sun glowed low and hot and red at her through the trees of the woods far away. She passed few wagons, the people being still at the Fair; it was only half-past six, a full hour of daylight left, but long, weary miles lay between her and shelter—between her and every good thing that lay collected together under the low roof of Harmon's Farm. Even Doctor Snowden lived

near by, and he would stop that terrible ache and throb in her arm when she got there, when she got there!

She had been walking for nearly two hours with Rivinus in and out of the booths and shows, among the crowd; she had been tired when she sat in that horrible inn, and now there still remained five miles between her and home.

What did people mean by the pleasures of evil! The pleasures of life were goodness, decent mirth, simple laughter, life with your family, your friends,—she almost sobbed, and then brought herself up short. She had been well paid; what right had she to complain? She had brought it on her own head, only fate had been harsh, perhaps. Did she not deserve it? The answer brought a hot color to her cheek, and so she trudged on.

Another mile done, and she slackened her pace and took to a steady drive onward that left her more time to breathe, but she suffered so keenly physically that it destroyed thought. And behind her she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs. She walked close to the bushes to be out of the way, and raised a dreary little white face to the horseman as he passed her, who did not look at her, but, turning a little in his saddle, looked across the fields towards the sunset. Her eyes rested on his face; she cried out in her joy,—

"Oh Dan!" Then she could have bitten her tongue out.

He drew up his horse and looked down at the miserable little dusty, hatless lad. He stared; the face held him. If she had done anything else he might not have known her, but out of the wreck of her pride she smiled.

"Nell!" He was off his horse and beside her in an instant, looking down at her with angry, bewildered eyes. "What does this mean?" then, "So you have done it, after all."

They walked side by side in silence.

"Have you been without a hat all day?" asked the young man grimly.

"No, I lost it, I was—in a hurry," the words came rather brokenly.

"Were you all right?" He did not look at her, but stared straight ahead of him.

"It depends on what you call all right." She stopped and put her hand on his coat-sleeve. "Dan, wait a moment, I'm so—so tired."

He looked at her now intently.

"You are done up, aren't you?" he said slowly. "Look here, I'll put you on my horse," and without another word he picked her up and set her on the animal. In doing it she knocked her arm, and an exclamation of pain came from her that startled him.

"Are you hurt?" he demanded.

"No, yes, just a little," and she steadied herself with her right hand.

"Take the reins in your left," Dan began, but she shook her head.

"I can't, it is hurt a little. I'll hold them so." She gathered them up in her right and in silence they proceeded.

It was about seven o'clock; the sun still held his place, but it would not be many moments before he dropped out of sight amid the woods. The air had little of the coolness of evening; there was an oppressive stillness; the birds and insects seemed loath to sing among the dusty fields through which the road wound its way. The girl felt as though her weariness lay on her like chains, but her tired mind was painfully on the alert. She looked down at the young man striding along beside her.

"Will you forgive me, Dan?" she said. "I did what you told me not to do, and now I am throwing my troubles on your shoulders. Will you forgive me?"

He looked up at her. "Utterly," he said, "if you will do one thing for me. Tell me whom I owe a beating to."

"To no one." Her words came fast. "To no one. I am responsible for the whole thing."

Allston's eyes snapped.

"Bruised wrist and all?" he said sternly.

She hesitated, in a moment chose what little of the truth to tell him. She was hardly in a state of mind to be very wise.

"I will tell you this," she answered slowly, "I did have a confederate, so to speak, but we did not agree and we parted company. I was a little reckless at one moment, and paid for it, as one does, by slipping and hurting my wrist, don't you see?"

The young man's face was savage. "Do I see? And you think a man can offend you so that you get a little reckless, as you call it, and I do nothing to him! Lord give me patience." He uttered a groan, then fixed her again with his piercing eyes. "Tell me his name," he went on. "If you won't, why, it won't take me many minutes to remember where and with whom I have seen you before to-day, for I have seen you. I have a sort of vision of someone I know with a little lad beside him; when I first saw you, you stirred my memory, and I'll catch the other face before I've done."

"Don't try, Dan," she pleaded piteously, and at the moment the sound of wheels struck on their ears.

"It would be wiser for you to get down," Allston stopped the horse, "it will seem strange to anyone who knows me to see you mounted there. Dearest, can you walk a little?" He looked up at her and stretched out his arms. Without a word she slid down into them, and he set her on the ground. She walked close to the bushes, and Allston and the horse both screened her somewhat from any passer by.

Several wagons passed them and disappeared round the turn in the

road where the orderly farm of Headland lay. Another rattle of wheels behind them, and a buggy passed and stopped at the gate a few yards in front of them. The girl knew before she saw him that it would be Rivinus whom she would see talking a moment to old Headland while the old man led the horse inside the gate. She drew a deep breath.

Rivinus glanced up the road which led to the Allstons', two miles away, and then gave his usual penetrating look over to the people who approached him; Dan was in advance; he recognized him.

"Well," he cried, "what luck at the Fair?" and at the instant saw who it was that lagged behind young Allston. He continued in his unmoved voice, "Are you going home? Be in to dinner?"

But the mischief was done. Nell, with a quick glance into the young man's face, saw that his memory had served him. He gave his uncle a grim smile.

"I'm just back," he answered. "Are you walking from here?"

Rivinus nodded.

"Tell the family I'll be in for dinner," went on Allston. "I'm going a bit of the way with a friend of mine, see you later," and without further words they parted, Rivinus walking slowly towards the Allstons' and the others turned towards their nearer goal.

The girl waited till they took an unfrequented path through the woods that took them home by a short cut, and as they gained the shelter of the trees she turned to Allston and touched his shoulder.

"Will you put me on Ned again?" she said; her voice shook.

He lifted her tenderly up, and in silence set her on the horse, then put his arm back of her to steady her, for she was trembling, and there was little danger of their meeting anyone till they reached the farm. Their eyes met.

"Dan, you won't do anything, will you?" she spoke very low. "You can't understand, but it's all my fault."

He dropped his eyes; he was hurrying the horse on and trotting beside him.

"One thing, Nell," he said. "You went with him, stayed with him, no one else knows?"

"No living being," she spoke quickly.

"You must have been alone somewhere," went on Allston, with his eyes on the path in front of them. "Where?"

"We got something to eat at an old inn across the fields."

"You say you parted. Was it there? Did no one see you?" His voice was very careless.

She was very tired; her mind occupied itself wholly with the thought of her having been possibly noticed.

"I got out a window," she said, hesitating, trying to remember the scene exactly. "It was then I hurt my arm, but there was no one

about, there was hardly anyone in the house; they were at the Fair, I suppose."

"You got out of a window?" repeated Allston; they had turned into a footpath; he had to press close to the horse to keep beside her. "You got out of a window?"

She looked down at him, desperately aware of her mistake, and sought for the least impossible explanation.

"He thought I wanted to be made love to, do you see? It was perhaps natural——" she hesitated. "I never thought of it, but then how could he know that? I thought of it all as a lark, a game; I did not think, fool that I was, how he might mistake me, might think me—fast." She brought the word out as though it burnt her lip.

There was a gate and then the avenue. Allston made no comment as he opened the gate, and they went through in silence.

"Can you walk to the house?" he said gently. "I'll go for Dr. Snowden and you can slip in better without me, don't you think? It's only a step, but I hate to leave you."

He lifted her from the horse. She smiled at him. "Go along," she said; "but, Dan—Dan, you won't—won't——"

"I'll go for the doctor," he answered almost gayly, and returned her little smile. "Hurry in, Nell," and he watched her disappear through the trees, and then got on his horse and rode him—like a devil and not to Doctor Snowden's first.

VIII.

It was a brilliant morning. A thunder-shower in the night had washed every leaf and blade of grass, and a cool breeze springing up at dawn had dried their faces like a kindly nurse.

The air was full of life, the sky a clear, melting blue, and under foot in the paths deep trenches had been dug by the violent rushing of the rain.

Mr. Harmon had had his deep chair with its broad arms carried out on the porch and had established Nell in it with some remonstrance on her part, and there she sat and had her breakfast, her wrist in its splint resting on the wide wooden arm of the comfortable seat.

It was a bad break, the Doctor had said when he had come the night before, to find her lying on her bed looking very white from the pain, but he promised it would knit if she were good and kept very quiet; stiff it might be for some time to come, but not, he believed, forever.

Mr. Harmon looked over her breakfast and then went in to his own, but at the end of a few minutes appeared with a cup of coffee in his hand accompanied by the Doctor, and the two men sat down beside her and looked at her.

Snowden felt her pulse, took her temperature, and smiled. "Excellent!" he said. "How did you get through the night?"

"Well enough," she smiled. "I got some cracks from my fagot here," she glanced down at her arm, "but we managed very well on the whole."

"Cracks?" repeated the Doctor. "You must been tossing about. Are you sure she had no temperature earlier, Harmon? This porch is pretty draughty for an invalid."

"Oh, let me stay," the girl interposed quickly, "I should stifle in my room, Doctor. I want to be here, with grandfather reading in there where I can see him through the window." She turned to look at the older man, who returned her a grave glance straight into her eyes, then patted her knee.

"Snowden will let you stay if you are good and try to keep very quiet," he said gently; "he wants to avoid inflammation, that's all. Now," he went on, rising, "if you will come with me, Snowden, I'll give you a cigar I've been keeping for some one worthy of it."

The Doctor got up slowly and stood a moment looking down at his patient. "Try, my dear, to be at—ease, won't you?" he said. "Don't bother about anything and read a nice book." He smiled with a certain tenderness and affection and left her.

Nell leaned her head back and gazed ahead of her at the familiar peace of the scene. She was gathering her strength for another comer whom she longed for, yet dreaded to see. She was surprised to hear Mr. Harmon's slow step returning; he sat down beside her. The repeated proofs of his solicitude warmed her heart.

"I'm all right, grandfather," she said in answer to something in his face. "I shall do very well, and you—you are such a comfort."

He laid his hand on her right hand as it rested on her chair.

"My dear," he began slowly, "I am not going to trouble you with questions, but I think it right that you should know that I am not unaware—of—your escapade. It would be in a sense disingenuous if I concealed from you that I saw your return. I only want to be assured of two things. Is Dan responsible for this?"

The girl leaned towards him, her eyes bright with the force of her denial. "Oh, no, grandfather, no."

He gave her a keen, long look, then hesitated, then spoke.

"Is there anything I should know about it? If not, I will leave you in peace." He fixed her with the steady light of his old eyes.

She thought for one long moment. It brought a painful flush to her cheek. "No," she answered slowly, "nothing, I think, nothing, only—only I have had a lesson." She faced him with a countenance that moved him. The sternness of his expression deepened.

"So I feared last night," he said; then added, "and I—I too have

had a lesson, Nell. When I determined, thirteen years ago, at the time that you first came to me, to let you run wild and follow your own devices, I had forgotten that there would come a time when you would need protection, not from your own promptings, but from those of others." He paused and, rising, stooped over her and touched her forehead with his lips. "Forgive me," he said, and turned to leave her, but as though a fresh thought struck him he wheeled again upon his heel.

"By the way," he said, "did they tell you of Rivinus's mishap?"

The girl caught his hand. "Grandfather!" the word was like a cry.

"Nothing at all to alarm you." He covered her fingers with his firm clasp. "Don't be so anxious, child, only we'll have to be more careful how you run about the woods here alone. Just before he reached the Allstons' last night,—he had been to the Fair and walked home, I understood,—he was set on by two tramps in that bit of wood near the house and beaten—beaten and robbed. They must have been a couple of brutes, or he made a good fight, for they knocked him up pretty badly, Snowden said. Don't get so white, my dear, it will do him no lasting harm."

The color rushed back into her face. "But"—she stopped.

"He never was a public-spirited man," went on Mr. Harmon, knitting his bushy brows, "and now I understand he refuses to remain here and take any steps to prosecute; went up to town this morning and swears he will never come back to the place again. Allston feels very much disgusted, and wants to do something about catching the rogues, but he gets no accurate description of them from Rivinus, who seems more occupied with his own cuts and bruises. There is Jane, my dear, I must see to the housekeeping this morning," and with another little pat upon her head he left her.

She sat quite still while two big tears formed upon her lashes; she wiped them away and dropped her face into her hands.

The air blew faint and fresh upon her cheek, a little, wandering air, but it caused her to lift her head with the flowers, it had a healing touch. She heard voices. Her grandfather was talking to someone in the gallery. She sat up and her little face grew white. She fixed her eyes on the open door; a moment, and Allston came through it and sat down beside her. There was a perfect silence between them.

"Mr. Harmon says it is a break," said Allston slowly. There came another pause.

"Does it hurt—badly?" he asked.

"Rather." She forced a small smile, very unlike the usual lighting of her features—and again silence.

Allston leaned back and looked at her. There was a rustle among

A Baby's Laugh

the chestnut-trees, quite a breeze moved the bushes; it even stirred a lock of his fair hair, vigorously brushed into place, as it had been, and then it lost itself in crossing the lawn.

He leaned towards her and clasped his hands between his knees.

His eyes smiled with a tenderness that sent a shiver of joy through her.

"My little flower," he said, then, turning away, he rested his arm against the porch-rail and leaned his cheek on it.

The girl leaned towards him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Dan," she whispered, "do you really care still—so much?"

"Care!" He straightened his shoulders and looked into her eyes. "What do you think I have been doing all night? Seeing visions of your little face white and weary, aching to hold you in my arms and wishing I might have spilled more of his blood."

The hot blood flooded her face. "Don't," she said, then added, "Oh, that it should be my folly that has brought all this about!"

He shook his head. "We won't talk of that now," he said. "Your grandfather told me that you must be very quiet and not excited or disturbed. Some day you can tell me many things. I wish your arm were not so bad."

"What matter does that make?" she answered. "The point is that I have learned a few things, and one of them is—I want to be good, I want *you* to be good, I go back on the whole thing! I've been a little fool, my excuse my ignorance, but, oh! I know now that I want you to be good and to love me a little if you can."

He caught her in his arms that trembled as he held her, and they looked into each other's eyes.

"I'll be different, Dan," she said, "different and—nicer."

He laughed. "Instead of my going to the gallows alone," he said, "we'll go to the church together," and he stooped his head and kissed her.



A BABY'S LAUGH

BY DORA READ GOODALE

L AUGH, sweet rose lips, by which celestial mirth,
Fresh as the daydawn, finds a gate to earth;
Laugh, and teach wisdom to the already wise;
Laugh, and confute the cynic's subtleties;
Laugh, laugh, sweet lips! till men adoring see,
High o'er the storms of time, Joy's sun-like verity.

THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

By Professor Felix E. Schelling

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

*Author of "The English Chronicle Play," "Elizabethan Lyrics," and
"Seventeenth-Century Lyrics"*



THE population of the city of London in the year 1580 has been estimated at one hundred and twenty-three thousand souls. In that year John Llyl was the most fashionable English author and Sir Philip Sidney the darling of the court. Edmund Spenser had just leaped to his immediate and lasting popularity, and Shakespeare was courting Anne Hathaway in the green lanes of Warwickshire, not a line of his dramas so much as thought of. It was not until twenty-five years later, when King James had come to the throne, that the city came to number two hundred thousand. London was then, as now, the centre of the English-speaking world, but that world was smaller in population than our single States of Pennsylvania or New York, and interests political, social, and literary were concentrated in the metropolis to a degree far beyond the present even in England. The London of Elizabeth was as yet a walled town, although the houses had grown out beyond it on almost all sides, and many of the nearer villages were connected with the city by an almost unbroken line of buildings. The city extended along the Thames from the Tower to Temple Bar in the Strand, where the new Law-Courts are now situated, and back from the river about a mile and a half. It was entered by several gates, which are still commemorated in the names of streets, wards, and parishes, such as Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Cripplegate, and others. The Thames was in those days a clear and swiftly flowing stream. Foreign travellers in England told of the many swans that floated on its waters, of the stately houses of the nobility that adorned its banks, and of the beautiful gardens which sloped to the water's edge between Blackfriars

and Westminster. The river was, moreover, a thoroughfare not only of commerce but of pleasure as well. It was easier to go to Westminster, the seat of the court, by water than by land. Suburban ways were foul and beset with danger. Coaches and carriages were a late invention of Elizabeth's reign. The Queen had ridden on horseback to her coronation. It was on the Thames that her Majesty took the air in her royal barge, rowed by the strong arms of her household servants, and the humblest apprentice might row out with a single sculler for a penny and, cap in hand, watch his Queen as she passed by in state.

London within the walls and without was governed by the Lord Mayor, his two Sheriffs, and a Council of Aldermen representing the various wards of the city and likewise the several crafts-gilds, or trades' associations, of the city. The jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor stopped at Temple Bar, a short distance beyond the gates, at the Tower, and at the middle of London Bridge, which connected the city with the borough of Southwark. This borough was in Surrey, London is in Middlesex, and Southwark was variously subject to the King and to the Bishop of Winchester. Southwark and the Bankside, as the part of Southwark which lay along the river to the west of the bridge was popularly called, was thus from very early times a place of refuge and license, whither debtors and criminals might flee for sanctuary and vice of all forms flaunt itself in the face of the law. The Cathedral of St. Paul's and London Bridge were the pride and boast of the city. This was the only bridge over the Thames within the precincts of the city, and its structure is described by Stow as "very rare, having, with the drawbridge, twenty arches made of squared stone of height sixty feet and in breadth thirty feet, . . . compact and joined together with vaults and cellars; upon both sides be houses built" [most of them with shops abutting on the bridge walk] "so that it seemeth rather a continual street than a bridge." London Bridge appears in many old prints, and shops and arches may be easily descried. In some we have a realistic representation of the heads of traitors exposed on pikes over the gate-way of the drawbridge to admonish her Majesty's subjects of the fate awaiting traitors. Shakespeare when he came a lad to the metropolis might have cast his eyes, it has been said, on what remained of the noble head of Sir Thomas More, for it was exposed for years over this very gate. Need we wonder at the horrors of a play like "Titus Andronicus" and try to prove in our mistaken zeal that it is not Shakespeare's, or shudder at that horrible scene in "King Lear" in which Gloucester's eyes are torn out on the stage, when we recall that suicides in those days were buried at the cross-roads with a stake driven through their vitals, that malefactors were hung in chains

and left for months to pollute the air till they dropped into shreds and tatters, while offenders against the state were drawn and quartered and their heads thus gibbeted in public places?

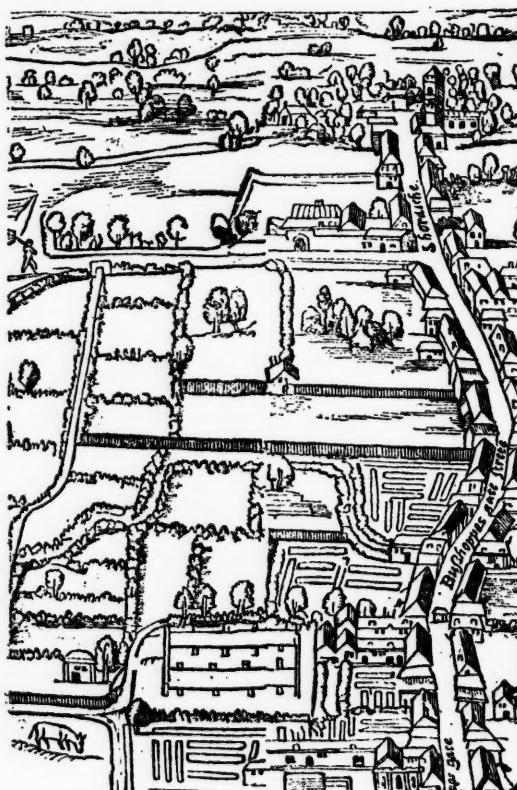


MAP OF LONDON BY AGGAS, 1560.

From London Bridge the chief thoroughfare north and south was through New Fish Street (now King William Street) to Gracious Street (now restored to Grace Church Street) and thence through Bishopsgate Street to Bishop's Gate. In a walk northward to this gate along the streets just named, when Shakespeare was a boy, we should have passed the Bell and the Crosskeys in Gracious Street and the Bull in Bishopsgate, all of them inns the yards of which were commonly used for theatrical performances. Had we extended this walk through Bishopsgate and out on the road leading thence to the village of Shoreditch, about half a mile or more from the gate, we might have stood on the spot on which the first structure expressly built for theatrical performances, the Theatre, was erected. Near it stood the second Elizabethan theatre, the Curtain. Once more had we extended our walk in the opposite direction and passed over London Bridge, turning from the Southwark end to our right, we should have seen stretched along the river bank no less than four theatres. But these were of later times than the inns. Other inns besides those already named were in early times thus employed. Such was the Belle Savage on Ludgate Hill, Blackfriars, where later Shakespeare's winter theatre was situated; such was Whitefriars, just without the walls to the west, and the places vaguely known in the records as "nigh Paul's" and "in the city." The general position of these old inn-yards and theatres can be seen in the accompanying map of London by Aggas made in 1560. None of the theatres were in existence so early. Again, as we stood on London

The Elizabethan Theatre

Bridge and looked up stream we should have seen in the near foreground to the right the conspicuous pile of the Cathedral of St. Paul's, not the present structure, but that destroyed in the great fire of 1666. Nearer still to the left on the Bankside and close to the end of the bridge was St. Mary Overy's, now known as St. Saviour's. Here lie buried Gower, Chaucer's friend, and the playwrights, Fletcher and Massinger. There is every reason to believe that Shakespeare was for years a resident of Southwark, and here it was that he attended church.



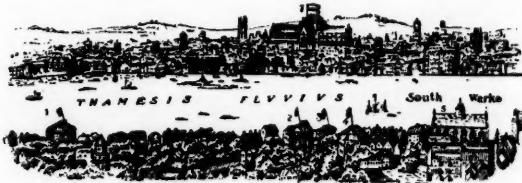
HOLYWELL, SHOREDITCH, 1560.

Among the entries of burial in the year 1607 that of one Edmund Shakespeare, a player, is recorded; and it is also noted that he was buried with a forenoon knell of the great bell, for which the charge was twenty shillings. As a man might have been buried for twelve pence, we may infer that the great brother of this forgotten actor gladly expended twenty-fold the necessary sum that due reverence might be paid to the dead.

The accompanying section above of Aggas's map of London repre-

sents to the north the general character of the Liberty of Holywell in the Parish of Shoreditch as it then appeared. Shoreditch, as we have already seen, was without the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor. Hence when the Mayor and his Council, who were strongly Puritan, succeeded after many attempts in banishing plays from the precincts of the city, the actors established themselves at Shoreditch and thus outwitted their enemies. The first playhouse to be built in England was the Theatre. It was erected in the year 1576, and its builder was James Burbage, father of the famous actor Richard Burbage and himself an actor of some repute. Halliwell-Phillipps fixes the position of the Theatre within the square to the northeast of the figure of a husbandman in the map. Access to the Theatre seems in old times to have been over Finsbury fields. The Curtain, which, curiously, is named from the region or old manor on which the playhouse was erected and not from the familiar drapery of the stage, was situated south of Holywell Lane in Moorsfield (modern Gloucester Street), and is first mentioned in the following year, 1577. Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" was among the many plays first acted there. The Theatre was moved away to the Bankside and the old materials were employed in building the Globe, Shakespeare's chief theatre, in 1598. The Curtain continued to be used as a playhouse far into the reign of King James. No picture of either of these original theatres has been handed down. And owing to their position without the walls none of the old maps represent their precise location.

In the view of London in 1620 by Hollar the theatres of the Bankside are well represented. The Swan, which was in repute in 1598, is

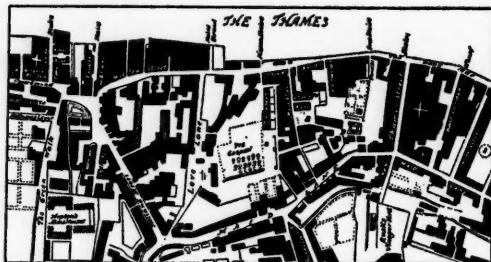


VIEW OF LONDON IN 1620, BY HOLLAR.

farthest from the bridge. This was perhaps the site previously occupied by Paris Garden, which had been used from very early times for bull-fights and bear-baiting. A neighboring landing was known as Falcon Stairs. Near this it is supposed by some that Shakespeare lived while resident in Southwark; others place his house near to the Bear Garden to the right. See the two crosses on the plan of the Bankside to the west on page 314. The next theatre, coming towards the bridge, is the Hope, probably on the old site of the Bear Garden. This place was used for all sorts of entertainments, theatrical and other, and was

The Elizabethan Theatre

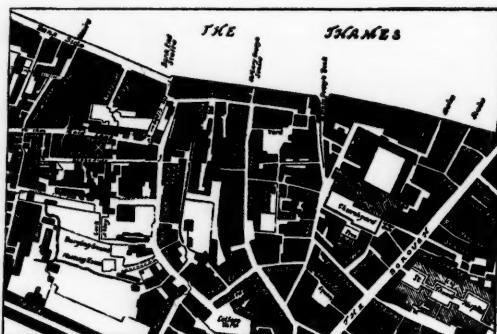
finally closed by Parliament in 1642, when triumphant Puritanism showed its power by putting down all the theatres. The playhouse adjoining the Hope on the right was the Rose. This was certainly open in 1592, as it was in that year that a play on Henry VI. was acted there and attracted large audiences because of the excellence of certain scenes depicting the exploits of Talbot against the French in the years after the death of King Henry V. It is notable that the fine scenes of



SITES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PROBABLE RESIDENCE IN SOUTHWARK.

an otherwise indifferent play, "The First Part of Henry VI.," are those which concern Talbot; and it is the belief of many that this play as we have it is Shakespeare's only in those parts: matters which point to Shakespeare as the cause of this popular success of a revised play. The theatre nearest the bridge is the celebrated Globe, of which more is to say.

The twentieth-century visitor to the precincts of Southwark may



SITE OF THE GLOBE THEATRE, SOUTHWARK.

look in vain among the breweries and warehouses of the Surrey Side for the slightest trace of the site of Shakespeare's theatre. Railways and the tide of modern commerce have swallowed all. By a deed of 1626 the Globe appears to have stood on a tract of land between Maid Lane and what was afterwards called Globe Alley, here indicated on the

plan by the cross to the left. The present thoroughfare, Park Street, was then known as Deadman's Place, and Maid Lane is now New Park Street. The site of the Globe Theatre has long been occupied by Barclay & Perkin's brewery. The older Globe, of which a con-



THE GLOBE THEATRE IN 1612.

temporary cut is here reproduced, was the playhouse which Burbage built in part with old materials brought from the demolition of the Theatre in Shoreditch. The older Globe was completely destroyed by fire in 1613 during the performance of a play on Henry VIII., supposedly Shakespeare's. The accident was due to the firing of the thatched roof by the blazing wadding of a cannon which was shot from the stage. When we remember that the manuscripts of players' parts, the records and accounts of the company, and other like things were customarily kept in the tiring-room with the wardrobe and properties, we can imagine what a loss this one fire entailed to all students of Shakespeare and the drama. The Globe was rebuilt in the following year and is described to us by an enthusiastic contemporary as "the fairest that ever was in England." The only picture which we have of the new Globe is this detail of a larger map, which scarcely seems to warrant any

such praise. The new Globe was finally demolished to make room for tenements in 1644. We may feel sure that neither of these old structures, could we see them as they were, would raise in us any feeling save that of wonder at their small size, their dinginess, and general discomfort.



THE GLOBE AS REBUILT AFTER 1613.

But the Globe was not without rivals on the Bankside and elsewhere. Besides the houses already mentioned, Edward Alleyn, the great rival of Burbage on the stage, built the Fortune in Golden Lane in the year 1599. From the picture here reproduced it will be noticed



THE FORTUNE THEATRE, 1599.

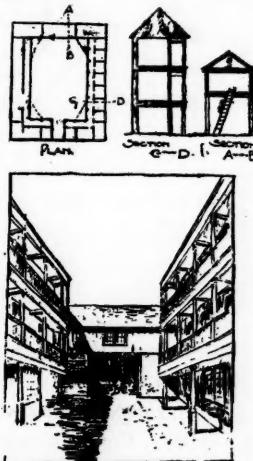
that the old octagonal shape is here for the first time departed from. This theatre cost Alleyn the sum of one thousand three hundred and twenty pounds, which, considering the purchasing value of money at the time and translated into American terms, means about thirty



THE OLD BLUE BOAR INN IN HOLBORN.

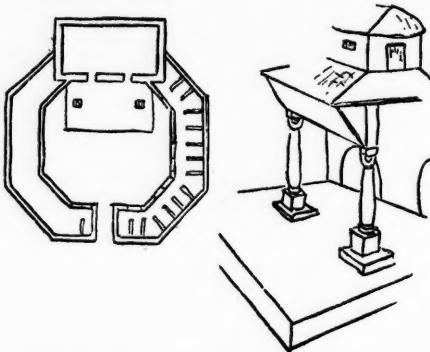
thousand dollars. This theatre also suffered from fire in 1621 and was later suppressed by the Puritans. But the building was in existence, at least as far as the front here represented was concerned, as late as the year 1819.

The earliest plays were acted on an improvised stage in the yards of inns. The inn-yard is structurally the original of the Elizabethan theatre. The typical English inn-yard was constructed about a more or less irregular quadrangle to which there was usually but one entrance. The lower stories were used for stabling, for kitchens and store-houses, and were called in the speech of the day "the offices." The living-rooms for guests were situated, as on the Continent generally to-day, in what we should call in America the second story. About the yard, which lay open to the sky, ran a balcony, sometimes two, upon which all the better rooms of the inn opened. We have here in the lower cut a simpler type of the inn-yard. Note the "offices," the balconies, the primitive stable with a loft and a wagon under cover beneath, the quadrangular yard with the single entrance opposite the stable. The design above represents a section cut through the yard and structure. Here are all the conditions of the theatre of the day. A single entrance at which "gate-money" might be charged, a wagon on the top of which a stage might be erected, the barn back in which the actors might dress and before which a rude curtain might be hung, a loft with a window looking out on the court-yard which might be used for the walls of a beleaguered city, for Juliet's balcony, or for the heavens out of which gods appear. Moreover, as to auditors, his lordship and company might ascend to one of the rooms of the second story and bring thence chairs or stools on which to sit in the balcony overlooking the stage, the poorer gentleman or trader of the city might ascend a flight higher and be nearly as comfortable, save that his chair was not so soft and his view of the actors not quite so good; while the apprentice, tapster, or other common fellow stood in the yard on the cobbles and craned his neck to see over his fellows' shoulders, and endured, if need be, a downpour of rain while his lordship sat snug and the actors acted under the eaves. In the ground-plan on page 318 of the second story of an octagonal theatre of the day it will be noticed that this shape has been assumed by cutting off the corners of the yard and thus bringing the spectators that crowded there nearer the stage. The rooms of the inn are retained, as they are to the present day in England, in what are called stalls. The stage is brought out into the yard and a "pent-roof," as it was called, built over at least a part of it; while the tiring-room, the interior of the old barn, was enlarged and given two



TYPE, GROUND PLAN, AND SECTION OF AN INN-YARD.

entrances to the stage, an advantage at once apparent. The "pent-roof" seems to have taken somewhat the form represented in the cut to the right. Another change consisted in raising the part of the building above the stage, either by the addition of a story above the "scene" proper or by raising the entire structure a story, making the circumference the same height. The further addition of a cupola from which a flag was raised when a play was performing, with a platform for a trumpeter, were both obvious devices. From documents which have been handed down we can reconstruct these old buildings as to their dimensions and the materials employed. Thus we hear of payments



PLAN AND PENT-ROOF OF OCTAGONAL THEATRE.

for thatchers for the roof, for "balusters," as they used to be called, and for a pole from which to fly the flag. The extant contract for the building of the Fortune demands that the foundations be of brick at least up to twelve inches from the ground, that there be two boxes "fitt for and decent for gentlemen to sit in," that the stage be supported by pilasters, the galleries by beams of a certain thickness, and many other details. Another document shows that the same structure was to be eighty feet square without, fifty-five within, that it was to have three galleries of a height respectively of twelve feet, eleven, and nine, and that the stage was to be forty feet wide and extend into the yard twenty-seven feet. Such a house would be about forty feet in height and could accommodate an audience sitting and standing of about eight hundred or a thousand people. The Globe, even when rebuilt, must have been rather smaller than this.

The cut on the next page is a reproduction of a pen-sketch of the interior of the Swan and the most interesting contemporary document concerning the theatre of the time of Shakespeare which we possess. It was made by one John de Witt, a Dutch traveller in England in the year 1596, and was copied soon after into the commonplace book of one Buchell, either from a letter or a diary of De Witt. The sketch

was discovered only as late as 1888. Buchell's copy is in the library of the University of Utrecht; the original by De Witt is lost. It will be seen that all the features mentioned above are here reproduced, from the flag and the trumpeter on the roof to the stage jutting into the yard, the two entrances to the stage, the stage gallery, and the tiers of balconies. Another interior of which we have a picture is that of the Red Bull, a later theatre, but still preserving the original features. This house was in Clerkenwell Green beyond Smithfield, and it is said originally to have been an inn-yard. In the picture the height of the stage is well represented, as the auditors, who it is to be remembered are standing, just reach above the stage. The chandeliers and the footlights indicate an evening performance. Neither were used in the earlier popular performances at the Theatre, the Curtain, or the Globe, as plays were invariably acted in these older playhouses by daylight. The stage balcony of the Red Bull seems filled with auditors and the entrance is covered, as must have been usual, with a curtain. As to the characters represented, all are from well-known plays. The Changeling is from Middleton's famous play of that title; To Quoque, who is emerging from the curtain, was a notable clown in Cooke's comedy, "Greene's Tu Quoque," while the lame beggar was a favorite stock character in many plays. Falstaff, the most popular of all Elizabethan personages of the drama, and Dame Quickly call for no word. It is likely that tickets such as we now employ for entrance to entertainments were in use in very early



*Ex observationibus Londinensis
Johannes De Witt*

INTERIOR OF SWAN PLAYHOUSE.



INSIDE THE RED BULL PLAY-HOUSE.

times. No ticket of a public performance contemporary with Shakespeare has survived. The cut on page 320 represents the ticket for

a masque acted at Gray's Inn in the reign of King Charles I. The original brass plate from which this ticket was printed was found among the curiosities of a pedler's pack by a gentleman interested in such things near the beginning of the century just completed.

Once entered into the dark and narrow oval of an Elizabethan theatre, the first thing to strike the visitor must have been the group of fine gallants that sat and postured on the stage. There among the players, and sadly interfering with them at times, these troublesome interlopers smoked, played cards, and criticised the play and the actors or bandied jokes or abuse with the groundlings that stood below on



TICKET OF ADMISSION c. 1625.

the stones of the yard. The literature of the day is full of allusions to this almost incredible custom, to the breaking up of which wit and abuse of satirist and dramatist seem to have been lavished in vain. On the stage in earlier times a piece of ordnance or cannon was planted which was shot off to increase the verisimilitude of war or to announce that the performance was about to begin. The furnishings and settings were of the rudest. A throne was commonly set to denote the state of kings. The scene was not infrequently indicated to the learned by a sign conveying the locus of the play, as Venice, Elsinore, or the Forest of Arden. In some of the older plays the stage directions are simple to a degree: "Let the messenger be led off and a head be brought in on a pike;" "Let Venus descend, if you conveniently can, from above." Even after the Queen's death the exigencies of one "historical" play demand: "Enter Queen Elizabeth in bed." None the less there must have been a great improvement in these matters while Shakespeare was still in London, owing to the effect which the magnificent settings of the masques at court could not but have had on the popular stage. We may feel sure that scenes painted on canvas and taken on and off the stage were not unknown to Shakespeare. Juliet's tomb, the cave which Imogen enters, the sunlit, box-bordered walk in which Malvolio prac-

tises deportment, all must have been so represented. At the popular theatres, however, the embellishments consisted chiefly of the "arras," as it was called. This was a hanging made to imitate tapestry hung on a frame, as was usual in the houses of the day, and standing out a couple of feet or so from the walls. It was behind such a hanging that Polonius hid to overhear Hamlet's interview with his mother and to be mistaken for the King and killed by the Prince. And it was behind the arras that Prince Henry found Falstaff "asleep and snorting like a horse," and robbed him of his reckoning of a pennyworth of bread in an intolerable sea of sack.

But if the scenery and settings of the popular Elizabethan theatre were defective, the costumes of the actors were often contrastedly gorgeous and costly. It is recorded that a greater sum was paid for one of the gowns of the "Woman Killed with Kindness" than Heywood, the



ACTING A MASQUE, 1596.

author of the popular play of that title, was paid for his composition of it. "Henry VIII." was the most sumptuously staged of the Shakespearean plays. But that was after Shakespeare's retirement, when the influence of the masque was exerting itself to the full on the popular stage. It was in the masques that the greatest scope was afforded for scenic effects, for rich and novel costumes, and for the arts and devices of stage carpentry. It was no unusual thing in the time of James to expend five hundred or a thousand pounds on one of these courtly entertainments, and it is recorded that one of them, Jonson's masque celebrating a noble marriage in 1608, cost no less a sum than three thousand six hundred pounds, or eighteen thousand dollars. The chief performers in the masque were noble lords and fair ladies, and marches and stately dances with interspersed songs and instrumental music made up its parts. The greatest writer and con-

triver of masques was Ben Jonson, who for years amused the courts of King James and King Charles in this manner. With Jonson was associated Inigo Jones, the famous architect, who aided in devising novel and ingenious scenic effects. The picture on page 321 of the presentation of a masque dates back to 1596, and is earlier than the successes of Jonson and Inigo. The naïve manner of representing mythological figures in which the masques abound is both interesting and typical. The figure holding the book is the prompter or leader, who in these cases was not infrequently the poet himself. However close to classical traditions the figures of this picture may be regarded by the precise, Diana with her crescent and Mercury with his caduceus and modern-appearing hat, the popular stage of Shakespeare's time was uncompromisingly contemporaneous. Neither fitness of costume nor of scene was for a moment considered. It had not occurred to the minds of any except scholars that men had ever dressed differently or followed customs and manners other than those prevalent in the England of the day. Hamlet, Macbeth, and Cæsar were all acted in the doublet and



HEROES OF ANCIENT TROY.

hose of the time; and Shakespeare, no less than his contemporaries, abounds in anachronisms of speech, custom, and social observance such as would be impossible in the third-rate novelist of to-day. In the picture of the interior of the Red Bull Playhouse, on page 319, Falstaff and Dame Quickly are in the costume of the reign of King James, not that of Henry V. Much more glaring is the anachronism of these heroes of ancient Troy, reproduced from one of the illustrations of an old chap-book as representing the popular conception of the appearance of these old-time worthies. Amongst the many plays of the well-known dramatist, Thomas Middleton, "A Fair Quarrel" is interesting because it is an Elizabethan discussion of the topic of duelling, and sets forth in a manner very different from our modern conceptions

the then code of honor. This cut represents the duel of that play in the costume of the moment. The cut is from the title-page of the edition of 1617, the year following the death of Shakespeare. Think of Othello or Brutus thus attired, of the defective setting, the obscure



A FAIR QUARREL, 1617.

light, the squeaking voices of the boys who alone performed the rôles of women, the tiny stage crowded with figures foreign to the play and at times actively seeking to distract attention from the actors, and we can form some conception of the disadvantages under which the great plays of Shakespeare were produced, and despite which they carried away with them the universal suffrage of their time.



THE HILL GIRL TO HER LOVE

BY WILLARD LYNN

FAR are the wooded hills, the pale moon over the branches,
Under whose cherry-bloom we last in the twilight met;
There was the flash of rain; the swaying leaves in the gloaming,
Sounds of the wind-blown pines in hills that I dream of yet.

Here is no moon, no star, and dim the glow of the lanterns;
Burdens of twilight song the cry of the night-wind stills;
How have I longed and prayed, betwixt the dusk and the dawning,
Only for you, my love, and rain in the pine-clad hills!

Weary the days that pass. The plum-trees blossom and wither;
Slowly the white moon gathers, slowly its round declines;
Oft when the lanterns die I hear your foot on the matting,
Coming to take me home to you and the wind-blown pines.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," etc.



JAMES CARSTAIRS, just home from Africa, was smoking in the Traellers' Club in London. He felt a hand on his shoulder and rose to greet Captain Marston, an old comrade.

Said Marston: "I hope, Jim, you are all right. Heard you brought home a coast fever."

"No, I am well. I have been up among your friends, the Mandingos."

"Well, I suppose you have lots to tell us?"

"By George, yes! Will it suit you to have me dine with you tomorrow? I will bring my photos. I shall be glad to show them to Mrs. Marston. They have come out well."

"Yes, of course; delighted to have you."

"Now I must go. I have to meet a committee of the Geographical Society. I lived with the Mandingos six months. I think you were there just twelve years ago."

"Yes. I suppose the infernal man-trade goes on?"

"Oh, worse than ever. After I left for the coast the hunters raided the poor devils."

Said Marston: "I am sorry for that. They were kindly folk, and the women not ill-looking."

"So-so," returned Carstairs. "I saw the lot of slaves later, at Loango, on the coast. I bought off a half-dozen and sent them home. They were fellows who had been very useful to me."

"That was like you, Carstairs."

"Oh, by the way, Marston, among those I set free there was a lad about eleven or twelve, rather light-colored,—had some white blood, I fancy. I bought him too because he took an awful licking and never winced. You will laugh, but my desire to buy him was increased because he reminded me of you."

Marston started. "Of me? What do you mean?"

"Yes; he had a white lock of hair over his left temple, like yours —queer, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Marston. "Unusual, very; but I know two people who have it."

"Well, I never saw it before in a nigger. Oh, by George! it is so jolly good to see you that I almost forgot." He looked up at the clock.
"Good-by. At eight to-morrow, you said."

"Yes, at eight. We shall be alone."

"I will show you my maps; and, by the way, I have a photo of the boy."

He went away. Marston sat down, and for a half-hour remained moveless, with his unlighted cigar between his lips. Then he rose, went slowly down-stairs, took his hat and his top-coat, and passed out into the street. At the foot of the steps he stood still—and said aloud:

"My God! That's awful!"



DIFFERENCES

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

MY neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell,
My neighbor must look down on me,
I must look up—ah, well,
My neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell.

My neighbor reads and prays,
And I—I laugh, God wot,
And sing like a bird when the grass is green
In my small garden plot;
But ah, he reads and prays,
And I—I laugh, God wot.

His face is a book of woe,
And mine is a song of glee;
A slave he is to the great "They say,"
But I am bold and free;
No wonder he smacks of woe,
And I have the tang of glee.

My neighbor thinks me a fool,
"The same to yourself," say I;
"Why, take your books and take your prayers,
Give me the open sky;"
My neighbor thinks me a fool,
"The same to yourself," say I.

THE Isthmian Canal From The Beginning

By Charles Morris

Author of "Our Island Empire," "The War with Spain," "The Nation's Navy," etc.

THE project of emulating the French engineers at Suez, and opening a liquid channel between the Atlantic and the Pacific at Panama or across Nicaragua, doubtless seems to many one of the most recent of engineering ideas. Few are aware that it is in reality well-nigh four centuries old, and was one of the first enterprises conceived in the New World. In fact, less than forty years after Columbus saw land from the prow of his ship the idea of making a water-way between the "North" and the "South" seas was already born and the enterprising Spain of that day was considering how it could be achieved. Such was the beginning of the history of the canal. Since that day the project has passed through many fluctuations of fortune and given rise to international complications that make its story seem well worth the telling.

While the great land masses of the eastern and western hemispheres by their far extrusion southward render world navigation difficult, they present one feature of marked similarity and great promise. Strangely enough, each of them is contracted midway into a narrow neck of land capable of being cut through by human enterprise, so that a tropical shipway round the world is within the reach of man.

This fact was perceived in the Old World as long ago as the days of the enterprising Rameses II. of Egypt, who had a canal cut from the Red Sea to the Nile delta. The high utility of such a canal was also quickly perceived in the New World. Ignorant of the width of the American continent, and eager for the rich Asiatic trade, the early Spanish navigators sailed up every waterway they found in hope of discovering a passage to the broad Pacific. In later years the James and the Hudson Rivers were ascended with the same fallacious hope, while a "Northwest Passage" long remained a navigators' dream.

The idea of improving on nature in this respect, and making an artificial ship-channel between the two oceans, arose immediately after Pizarro had conquered the "El Dorado" of Peru and begun to send its rich spoil to Spain. The first step taken to expedite this golden

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traffic was the construction of a wagon-road across the isthmus from Panama to Porto Bello. But as early as 1530 Davila, Governor of Nicaragua, eager to obtain for his province a share of the Peruvian commerce, suggested a plan of making short canals past the rapids of the San Juan River, so as to provide a boat-channel between the two oceans. Soon after the Governor of Honduras suggested a canal from the Bay of Honduras to the Gulf of Fonseca.

The idea of canalling the isthmus arose at the same period in Spain, and in 1536 the Emperor Charles V. ordered a survey of the Chagres River to be made to learn if the wagon-road could be replaced by a canal. Somewhat later Nicaragua was explored with the same purpose in view, Philip II. sending an engineer there in 1561. Thus the two canal routes now in active competition—the Panama and the Nicaragua—were in earnest contemplation more than three centuries ago. Philip II. would probably have followed up his survey by an attempt at construction but for his costly wars at home. He had no adequate conception of the vastness of the enterprise. With the engineering facilities of his day it would have been impossible.

In the centuries that followed Spain kept the project alive. During the intervals between the inroads of pirates and freebooters in Central America her dream of an interoceanic canal survived. But not a spadeful of earth was dug: the very shadow of the stupendous undertaking was enough to deter her.

As the power of Spain died away and other nations rose to wealth and influence the canal project spread to new lands, Holland, Belgium, France, England, and finally the United States taking it into consideration. The country was explored, routes were surveyed, descriptions and maps were prepared and filed away, and flowery estimates of the advantages of certain routes and the cheapness with which the work could be performed were offered to the nations or the private companies concerned. In 1735 La Condamine, an eminent French scientist, explored Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River, and decided that here was the true locality for a canal. At a later date Alexander Von Humboldt, the famous traveller, studied several routes, and also gave a strong verdict in favor of the Nicaraguan. So favorable, indeed, was his report, and so convincing his arguments, that Spain experienced a temporary awakening, the Cortes passing a decree for the immediate construction of a canal. But the nineteenth century had now dawned, Spain's power had declined, her colonies were soon after in revolt, and the decree of the Cortes went the way of the ambitious projects of her sixteenth-century monarchs.

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The various surveys of Central America and the isthmian region had not been without their fruit, valuable preliminary results being

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attained. Eight separate routes had at times received the approval of explorers, six of them of sufficient importance to make a brief description of them advisable.

In Southern Mexico, not very far south of Vera Cruz, the continent is sharply pinched in, the distance from the Gulf of Campeachy on the east and the Gulf of Tehuantepec on the west being less than one hundred and fifty miles. As early as 1550 Galveo, a Portuguese navigator, advised Philip II. to construct a canal across this neck of land. The project slept until 1770, when Charles III. of Spain ordered the route to be surveyed and a canal site selected; but the survey, made by the Viceroy of Mexico, developed such mountainous difficulties as effectually to put an end to the scheme. The Tehuantepec project was revived in the nineteenth century, but no work was done.

Seemingly a far more promising route was that by way of the Atrato, a river which skirts for some three hundred miles the eastern side of the Andes and then empties into the Gulf of Darien, in the southern section of the isthmus. There are rivers on the other side of the range flowing to the Pacific. A mere strip of land separates the navigable waters on the two sides—but that land consists of the Andean heights, which frown contempt on human enterprise. The course of the Atrato was long a mystery. Philip II., fearing that his commercial rivals might use it, forbade in 1542 any navigator to enter it on peril of death. For more than two centuries it remained unknown. About 1850 this southern region was surveyed by engineers of several nations, and Frederick M. Kelly, a wealthy American, wasted his fortune in a five-years' exploration of the Atrato route. In 1872 it was again explored under the auspices of the United States Government. The engineers proposed to connect the Atrato with the Jurador, a river on the Pacific side, by a canal forty-eight miles long. But these were miles of mountain, a granite tunnel three miles long would have been necessary, and the scheme was abandoned as impracticable.

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Two others of the routes stated lie in this Darien section of the isthmus: the San Blas route, from San Blas harbor on the east to the mouth of the Rio Chepo on the west, and the Caledonian route, from Caledonian Bay on the Darien side to the Gulf of San Miguel on the Pacific. The latter is the narrowest neck of land between the two oceans, but by both these routes mountains block the way, and an immense tunnel as well as a canal would be needed. Ships here would have to sail through a mountain's heart.

Of the several isthmian routes, the region near Panama has long been considered the most available. Three routes have been surveyed in this section, but two of them have been dismissed as requiring too

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costly mountain cuttings. The remaining one, that followed by the French canal, extends from Colon, or Aspinwall, on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific side. Here the mountain backbone of the continent shrinks away until its summit is only two hundred and eighty-four feet above sea level, while the isthmus is less than fifty miles in width. The route forms, therefore, one of the two which are now considered as practicable.

The other is the Nicaragua, crossing the republic of that name. This, while four times as long as the Panama, presents more than a hundred miles of navigable waterway via Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River, the canal section needed being about seventy-three miles. In addition to its much greater length than the Panama route, the Nicaragua demands a high lift by the aid of locks. Yet, on the whole, it has received more favorable consideration than its rival, though in actual work of excavation the latter had the honor of coming first into the field.

Up to 1826 all the canal-building projects were European, but in that year an American company was formed, "The Central American and United States Atlantic and Pacific Canal Company" being organized in New York as an outcome of the Panama Congress held by the new American republics. Henry Clay, then Secretary of State, was strongly interested in the project, and the formation of the company was intended to forestall British enterprise, which was showing activity in that field. The cost of the canal was estimated by its projectors at the strangely low figure of five million dollars.

Nothing came of this company's enterprise; small as was the sum demanded, the funds were not to be had. Other companies followed—in Holland, France, England, and the United States—and similarly vanished. One of these, "La Canal Napoleone de Nicaragua," was devised by Louis Napoleon while a prisoner in the fortress of Ham. In 1849 "The American Atlantic and Pacific Ship-Canal Company" was organized under the leadership of Cornelius Vanderbilt, but all it did was to put a line of small steamers on the San Juan and Lake Nicaragua to accommodate the rush of gold-seekers to California. In 1858 Nicaragua declared its franchises forfeited, and granted similar rights to a French company—which soon went the way of its predecessors. The American company continued to claim prescriptive rights, and in 1869 sold its claims to an Italian company, which, like all before it, did nothing of practical character.

As yet the United States as a government had shown no disposition to engage in canal-building. But it was growing disturbed by cer-

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tain aggressive movements of Great Britain, which had pushed its interests in Nicaragua in disregard of the sovereignty of that country and of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. The British claim to territory in Central America arose from the early settlement in Honduras and on the Mosquito Coast of parties of freebooters, whom England disowned when Spain demanded redress, but of whose settlements she finally claimed possession.

What first aroused the United States was an act of aggression of the King of Mosquitia (an Indian chief under British supervision). In 1848 this tawny monarch, aided by a party of British marines, took possession of the old Nicaraguan town of San Juan del Norte, which was renamed Greytown. The purpose was evidently to gain dominion over the territory through which any Nicaraguan canal must pass.

The act was an arbitrary one, and excited indignation in the United States. It led to a series of diplomatic complications into the details of whose history we cannot here go. More than once active hostilities between the two countries was threatened, but the difficulty was disposed of in 1850 by the famous Clayton-Bulwer treaty—which has been a bone of contention ever since. This treaty was confirmed by the Senate under the impression that in it Great Britain gave up her very questionable Mosquito protectorate. Later study of the document showed that this British claim had not been definitely disposed of, but remained open to vex legislators for many years to come. Bulwer had hoodwinked Clayton in the terms of the treaty, and the American Government was reasonably vexed.

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The British view of the case was shown by the retention of Greytown in disregard of American protests. Hostile relations now and then appeared between British and Americans at that port. For ten years a hot diplomatic controversy raged. Finally, in 1860, Great Britain withdrew from its illegal attitude, the protectorate over Mosquitia was given up, and Greytown was declared a free port under Nicaraguan sovereignty.

The ghost of the protectorate, however, rose and walked again after many years, and its history may as well be here disposed of. Nicaragua had agreed to establish a reservation for the Indians and pay them five thousand dollars annually for ten years. It was this financial plank that threatened the ship. As usual in Spanish America, the money was not paid. The Indians complained. In 1880 Great Britain stepped in, and, as payment was still refused, the protectorate was resumed.

For fourteen years it continued, despite efforts on the part of the United States to adjust the difficulty. In 1894 the Nicaraguans, weary

of diplomacy, invaded the reservation and seized Bluefields, which had grown into an active commercial city. Finally, at the request of the United States, Great Britain withdrew her troops, her ships sailed away, and British authority in Nicaragua came to an end. The effort to maintain a Mosquito nation was at last abandoned, and in November, 1894, Mosquitia was incorporated into Nicaragua as the State of Zelaya. The ghost at length was laid.



To return from this digression to the canal question proper, the next stage in its history came in 1872, when President Grant appointed an "Interoceanic Canal Commission" to make a new survey of the several routes from the Tehuantepec to the Atrato. Its report favored the Nicaraguan route. And now for the first time the doctrine that the canal should be a government enterprise arose, and with it the conception that the canal should be solely under American control. President Hayes expressed himself strongly to this effect in 1880, declaring the policy of this country to be "an American canal under American control." This awoke from its twenty-years' sleep the old Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which called for joint American and British control, and once again the arrows of criticism were discharged at this document, a second of whose clauses now stood in the way of the canal.

As the former controversy over the treaty had lasted for ten years, the new one lasted for more than twenty. Several efforts to abrogate the treaty were made, but diplomacy baffled diplomacy, and it continued in force, while under the new American idea of individual control of the canal the subject was held back by the joint-control clause of the treaty. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1900, devised to settle this difficulty, failed to be confirmed in its original form by the Senate in consequence of leaving this question still open. Finally, in 1901, a treaty was accepted which abrogated the unfortunate Clayton-Bulwer convention and gave the United States sole control over any canal it should build. Thus the uncanny child of diplomacy which for more than half a century had stood in the way of canal legislation passed away, and the American Government was left free to act.

Meanwhile, canal-building had actually begun, but under the auspices of France, not of the United States. While this country devoted itself to the Nicaraguan route, the French engineer, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, who had won high fame from his success with the Suez Canal, undertook a similar work in America, choosing the Panama route. He proposed to cut across the isthmus a tide-level canal, one hundred and sixty feet wide at top and seventy-two at bottom, with a depth of twenty-nine feet. The deepest cutting, through the Culebra

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ridge, was three hundred and thirty feet. This was one serious feature of the work. Another was the Chagres River, a stream subject to devastating floods. Here a great dam would be necessary, with a canal to carry the flood-water to sea. The cost, estimated by the engineers at one hundred and sixty-eight million dollars, was reduced by De Lesseps to one hundred and twenty million dollars, and in high confidence he invited delegates to meet him at Panama in 1888 to take part in the opening ceremonies.

The outcome of this unhappy enterprise is very well known. Begun in 1881, with the aid of capital freely loaned by the French people, who had the utmost confidence in their famous engineer, it was conducted with shameful waste and inefficiency. As the people began to tire of providing funds, their enthusiasm was kept alive by the most roseate accounts of the progress of the work, to secure which bribery of editors and legislators was freely resorted to. The result was that in 1888, the date fixed by De Lesseps for the finish, the canal was not more than one-third done, while two hundred and fifty-six million dollars—obtained by the sale of four hundred and thirty-five million dollars of bonds—had disappeared, of which great sum possibly two-thirds had been consumed in sheer waste and unblushing bribery.

The canal scheme had proved the most colossal fraud of the century. The company suspended in 1889. As the truth gradually became known, indignation among the defrauded investors was intense. Prosecutions followed, but no one suffered. De Lesseps and his son were convicted, but the Count was aged and ill and escaped punishment by death, and the son was released after a few months' imprisonment. So ended the first chapter in isthmian canal construction.

Something remains to be said about this enterprise. It had a future more creditable than its past. A remnant of cash assets remained which, after careful manipulation in the French courts, proved sufficient to encourage a resumption of the work. A new company, with a capital of twelve million dollars, was organized in 1894, and eighteen hundred men were put to work upon the canal. Locks were now to be used, the idea of a sea-level excavation being given up. In 1899 about forty per cent. of the work was completed and three thousand men were at work.

But the finances of the company were at a low ebb, and in 1900 the "Panama Canal Company" of America was organized in New Jersey with the hope of obtaining funds in the United States. The final stage of this enterprise was the offer of all the property and franchises of the company to the United States, at first for the hopeless sum of one hundred and nine million dollars, and finally at the more reasonable price of forty million dollars. In this state stood the negotiation at the opening of 1902.

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We must return now to the Nicaragua Canal enterprise, which had also reached the stage of actual work. A "Provisional Canal Association" was organized by prominent New York capitalists in 1884, which easily obtained one of those liberal concessions which Nicaragua and Colombia alike were always ready to grant to canal projectors. A construction company, with twelve million dollars nominal capital, was next organized, surveys were made, and in 1889 the association obtained a charter from Congress under the title of "The Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua."

Warner Miller, of New York, was made president of the construction company and the digging of the canal actually begun. By 1893 important preliminary work had been done and two miles of the canal excavated at a cost of three million dollars. Then came the financial crisis of that year, the purse-strings of the community were drawn tight, funds were not to be had, and the work came to an end.

The later history of this enterprise must be briefly told. It never got on its feet again. Appeals were made for government aid as early as 1891, and bills to that effect were introduced into Congress from time to time, but they all failed. In 1892 the government was asked to guarantee the company's bonds to the extent of one hundred million dollars, for which aid the United States would be given eighty million five hundred thousand dollars of the stock of the enterprise. This would have made it practically a government work, but the bill failed of passage. Similar bills in 1894, 1895, and 1896 came to the same termination, and the company was in despair.

Congress took its first decisive action in 1895, when it sent out a commission of three engineers for a re-survey of the Nicaraguan route. In 1897 a more exhaustive survey was authorized under the leadership of Admiral Walker. Two years were spent in the work, the final report of the commission being received in May, 1899. The canal suggested in the report was to extend from Greytown on the Atlantic to Brito on the Pacific, a distance of 189.9 miles. It was to be thirty feet deep and one hundred feet wide at bottom. Three locks were needed on each side, with a total lift of one hundred and six feet. The difficult parts of the work were a cut nearly three miles long through solid rock three hundred feet deep at its central point, and an immense dam to raise the level of river and lake.

Even this survey was not final. The Panama was now coming into possible competition with the Nicaragua route through the action of the French company, and Admiral Walker, with his colleagues, Colonel P. C. Haines and Professor L. N. Haupt, and a large corps of assistants, were sent back, this time to examine all available routes and finally to dispose of the subject.

Returning after a year and a half of busy labor, the commission

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reported in favor of a canal thirty-five feet deep and one hundred and fifty feet in bottom width, so as to serve for the largest vessels afloat. Its total length, as now estimated, was 183.66 miles, 109.88 of these being lake and river passage. Such a canal by the Nicaragua route would cost one hundred and eighty-nine million dollars, by the Panama route one hundred and forty-two million three hundred and forty-two thousand five hundred and seventy-nine dollars,—to which was to be added the sum necessary to buy out the French company. In several particulars the report favored the Panama route, which would be very much shorter, would have fewer locks, less elevation and less curvature, and would cost one million three hundred thousand dollars less for annual operating expenses. The time of transit would be twelve hours for the Panama and thirty-three hours for the Nicaragua. There was also the danger of earthquakes in Nicaragua to be considered. From these convulsions of nature the Isthmus of Panama is free. But the problematical cost of the French claim stood in the way of this route.

We must go back a few years in time to bring the history of the Nicaragua canal companies up to date. The misfortunes of the Maritime Company were added to by the formation of a new company in 1898, the "Grace, Eyre, Cragin Syndicate" of New York capitalists, which induced Nicaragua to declare the "Maritime" concession void and grant it a similar one. The Maritime appealed to Congress for support, on the ground of its having a national charter. Thus in 1899 there were two Nicaragua and one Panama company competing as rivals.

In that year a new bill was introduced in Congress, which if passed would have settled the controversy decisively, since it proposed the building of a canal by the government alone. It passed the Senate but failed in the House, largely on account of the uncertain question of cost. It was this failure that led to the sending out of the second Walker survey commission. In December, 1899, new bills were introduced in both houses of Congress. The House bill passed by a very large majority in May, 1900, but the Senate, which was then considering the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, took no action. In December, 1901, a new bill for the national construction of a Nicaragua canal was introduced into the House, and passed early in 1902 with only two negative votes. The Senate was more deliberate. The new treaty with Great Britain had thrown down the Clayton-Bulwer fence, but, on the other hand, an offer of the French company to sell their Panama property and franchise for forty million dollars brought a rival to the Nicaragua into the field. The question was resubmitted to the Walker commission, which, in view of the new French offer, reported in favor of the Panama route. Such is the status of the long-drawn-out history of the isthmian canal at this present writing.

A WAYSIDE CONFLICT

By Mabel Nelson Thurston

Author of "A Secret Holiday," "The Courting of Gabriel Seabury," etc.



THE old house had been beaten by the storms of so many years that it was worn to a silver gray. It seemed as if the loneliness of the New Hampshire hills had forced it to companion with Nature so long that it had caught her very expression, and looked far more akin to the gray rocks in the pastures about it than to the new house whose yellow, unpainted sides gleamed through the trees across the road. It stood on a side-hill, and a terrace supported by a heavy stone wall led up to the front. It was summer-time now, and the terrace was all alike with flowers; they even crowded up to the door-step or clung daringly to the very edge of the wall. To Grant Morgan, pausing in his work on the new house across the road, the old house with the tangled brightness of the flowers against it was a continual parable; it looked to him like old Ephraim Morrison and Esther. But everything reminded him of Esther these days. He turned to his work again with a song upon his lips.

A girl came lightly down the path between the flowers; she was a delicate-looking little thing, with a pretty, changing color and sky-blue eyes. When she reached the road Grant was waiting for her; he still had his hammer in his hand, but was leaning leisurely over the bars. She went up to the bars, making a pretence of gathering some grasses that grew there, but he caught her hand.

"Where are you going, Esther?"

"Oh, just to the village," she answered. She tried to look indifferent, but a happy smile curved her lips.

"It's a long walk. Don't you wish you could have company?"

The girl shot him a mischievous glance from under her lashes.
"Oh, I like to be alone once in a while," she answered.

He laughed, and then looked up at the new house with a grave happiness that sat well upon him. "I'm going to get it finished sooner than I had hoped, Esther," he said.

"Are you? That's nice," answered the girl, her face steadfastly turned towards the distant hills.

"And, Esther, that means——"

The girl snatched her hand away and ran laughingly down the road.

"That means—you're a goose, Grant Morgan," she said, looking saucily back at him.

But the young man had seen her eyes, and he was content. "We'll talk that over to-night," he called as he went back to his work; and the ringing of his hammer upon the yellow boards sounded full of happy promise.

The girl went slowly on through the soft summer afternoon. She smiled at a pink-flowering branch of wild roses as if it were a friend; her happiness was so great that it overflowed upon the tiny inanimate things about her. When she heard voices she slipped quickly into the thicket at the side of the road that she might hold her golden moment longer: it would be broken by speech.

Beyond the little grove where Esther stood the road made a wide yellow curve towards the village. The day was hot, and the two men who had been trudging up the sunny distance stopped a moment in the shade. They pulled off their hats and wiped their wet brows, but did not break their talk. It came to Esther standing in the golden-green shadow with the little ferns at her feet and the bird-songs all about her.

"Three hundred dollars!"

"Three hundred dollars, and not a cent less."

"But, man, I never heard of such a thing. When Mandy Anderson was married the old man gave her three hundred dollars, but I never yet heard of a man *asking* that for his daughter. 'Tain't common, certain, not in these parts at least."

The other man chewed a head of grass and spoke with leisurely enjoyment; it was not often one had such a story to tell.

"Wal, I had it pretty direct—from old man Morrison himself. He looked kind o' skeered when he'd let it out, but 'twas too good for him to keep. You see, the old man's been growing mighty close of late—closer than folks guessed."

"Well, all I can say is, I think Grant Morgan's paying pretty dear. Not but what she's a nice girl,—I never heard no one say a word against Esther,—but I don't calculate I'd want to pay much for any of that blood."

The voices passed on, and Esther still stood there with the shadows of the leaves dancing across her dress and the bird-songs all about her, but her white young face looked strangely on all the familiar things. A moment before they had seemed full of a fine, sweet sympathy; now she suddenly found that she did not understand their language. She turned and walked—ran—back over the road. She could hear the ringing of the hammer and Grant's blithe whistle; she thrust her fingers fiercely into her ears, but still the sounds crept in around them. A blackberry-bush caught her dress; she pulled it away so roughly that she tore the cloth; she could not endure a second's delay—she must see Grant.

White-faced and panting, she climbed the wall and pushed her way through the green brakes and stood behind him. Grant's merry whistle faltered and he looked restlessly round; then his hammer dropped and he sprang towards her. "Esther, little girl!" he exclaimed.

But the girl motioned him back. "Don't come near me," she cried. "I want to ask you something."

He stood perplexed and helpless, with a feeling as if the green brakes were a sea sweeping between them. "What is it, Esther?" he begged. But the girl only shook her head; now that she saw him she could not speak.

With a quick exclamation he strode across and caught her in his arms. "I will come to you," he said. "Now, Esther, what is it?"

The girl drew herself away. She tried to look at him, but the hot blood surged up in her face; she felt as if the words would choke her.

"Were you going to—*buy* me?" she gasped.

The young man's face set sternly; in his eyes was a fire she had never seen. "Did your father tell you?" he asked, and his voice was full of anger.

The girl's head drooped lower as the burden of shame pressed heavier upon her. "I heard it," she faltered. "Some men were passing, and didn't see me, and they were talking about it."

With a quick movement he caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again. "You poor little thing!" he cried, his voice breaking at the thought of what she was suffering. "Listen, dear. Your father would not let you go; he said he never was going to, unless—well, he was willing to make a condition, and what did I care, if I could have you? But no one ever was to know it; he promised me that. Don't feel so badly, dear. I would have given anything to keep it from you for his sake: it couldn't make any difference to us."

Esther hardly seemed to follow him. When he stopped she spoke again just as she had before. "And you were going to buy me?" she asked.

The young man groaned impatiently. "Good Heavens, Esther, what did I care for three hundred dollars? Wasn't every cent I made earned for you? If he had said three thousand, I should have worked night and day till I could bring it to him, and counted it the happiest work I ever did. Don't you know it, dear?"

There was a sudden quiver over the girl's face, but it passed in a moment, and she looked at him with steady, sorrowful eyes.

"I know it, Grant. Don't think I doubted it; but—I never will let it be said that my father sold his daughter. I would not marry you—so—for anything in the world."

The young man stared at her incredulously. The air seemed full of the words, yet he could not believe that they had really been spoken.

"Do you mean to end everything, Esther?" he asked gravely. "Do you mean that you hold a notion like that dearer than our love?"

"Yes," answered the girl; and she spoke the word almost solemnly.

The young man turned with sudden passion and flung his hammer into the new house. It fell with a clash that seemed to the girl like the falling of the world about them.

"There!" he exclaimed loudly. "It can stay there. I'll never touch it again." He stared at her a moment with a white face, and then, without a word, plunged into the woods.

The girl stood looking after him till the green branches he swept apart were motionless again; then she too turned and went across the road. She showed no sign of tears; rather it seemed as if something of his stern determination had been communicated to her. She went straight to the barn. A thin, weazened old man with a sly, wrinkled face sat there mending harness. He looked up as she came towards him.

"Seems to me you've been mighty quick, Esther," he said. His voice sounded thin and wrinkled too, and he twisted his face up at her in creases that were meant for a smile. But the girl paid no attention. She stood straight and stern before him; her shadow fell across his work.

"Father, were you going to *sell* me to Grant Morgan?" she asked.

The old man squirmed uneasily, gave a half-frightened glance up at the girl, and then bent over his harness.

"You're in my light," he said fretfully. "I wish you'd get out of my light, Esther."

The girl moved a little, but still stood waiting for her answer, and her silence was more compulsive than speech. He began to whine pitifully.

"Folks don't seem to think about fathers," he said. "How'm I going to git along, I'd like to know,—an old man like me? I'd have to hire a girl to cook, and she'd waste lots, and—Grant, he said he'd be glad to make it right. He's a real proper-minded young fellow, Esther; he cares more than some daughters do, seems if."

The girl's pretty face hardened: she looked like an elder sister of the girl who had passed down the path an hour before. She spoke quietly, without any trace of anger: it seemed as if she felt that it was not worth while to be angry; her voice was full of a dull hopelessness.

"I guess you needn't worry about not being taken care of, father. I ain't going to get married."

The old man looked up in alarm. "Ye hain't quarrelled, hev ye?" he asked apprehensively.

The girl leaned wearily against the door. "I guess we have. I told him I wasn't going to be bought, and he got mad and threw down

his hammer and went off. You might as well get used to it, father. If I can't be married like any other girl, I won't be married at all; I'm not going to have it told everywhere that my father sold me."

The old man's jaw dropped in dismay. He listened for the ringing of the hammer across the road, but only the fine hum of insects in the afternoon sun broke the summer silence.

Esther had turned and was walking silently towards the house; she seemed to him to have grown taller. He watched her absently, and when she had passed out of sight he still sat there thinking. After a while he got painfully up and hobbled over to the tool-house, chuckling to himself. With slow, clumsy effort he fashioned a small sign-board and painted something upon it. The supper-bell rang as he finished his work. Locking the door behind him, he went into the house. It was a very silent meal. Esther helped him carefully, but spoke no word, and he dared not break the silence. When the meal was over he went out to the barn. Esther washed the dishes, and then sat on the door-steps alone. When nine o'clock came she went upstairs. From the barn her father watched her. When he saw the door close behind her he went to the tool-house for his sign-board, and then crept out of the yard. A large blackberry thicket bordered his side of the road; the fruit was just beginning to ripen. He set his sign up in front of the thicket. The bushes scratched his hands and even his face, and in the darkness it was difficult to put the sign in securely; but at last it was done, and he slipped through the shadows to the house. "Got to make it up somehow," he muttered.

The next morning Esther started for the village again. She turned her face away from the new house and looked resolutely into the green tangle of the blackberry thicket. Among the bushes was a sign she had never seen before:

"Picking these berries forbidden.

"E. MORRISON."

She stood a moment before it, and then turned and went back to the house. Her father was picking up green apples in the orchard. She faced him indignantly.

"Father, did you put up that sign?"

The old man bent over the apples. "What sign, Esther?" he said.

"You know: the one in the blackberries."

The old man straightened himself up with an attempt at dignity. "I guess I've got a right to my own berries. It's the law of the State, Esther. I ain't a-goin' to have people breakin' the law on my land. I guess there won't be none too many for us to use: blackberry wine's real good. And we've got to save some if you ain't goin' to git married."

The girl's indignant eyes looked straight into his evasive ones.

"Well, all I can say is, that I'm not going to have my father called a miser if I can help it. I won't put up one more berry than we need; and if you don't take down that sign, I'll put up another one."

The old man's smile tightened cunningly. "I dunno jest where you'd do it, Esther," he said. "Ye can't on my land."

The girl looked at him with unyielding eyes. "Will you take it down?"

"I guess not, Esther."

Without another word the girl went out into the road again, but she did not turn towards the village. She went past the new house into the woods by the path Grant had taken the day before. It was very hot. As she left the shade and crossed the bare hill-top the world seemed a dizzy, whirling mass of heat. She crept under the shelter of a rock to rest a few minutes, then staggered to her feet again and went on; she had five miles to go. It was noon when she reached the Morgans'. Grant was just washing his hands on the back porch when he saw the girl. Her face was burning with heat, and her fair hair clung in dark, wet strands about her forehead. She put out her hands dizzily. With a little cry he caught her and half carried her, half dragged her, into the house and put her on the lounge. She protested weakly.

"Don't, Grant, I've got to go right back. I just came to ask you something."

"I guess you won't go back till I harness up and take you," he answered grimly.

The girl's lips quivered and she looked at him pleadingly. "I don't think 'twould be right—now," she said.

"Do you suppose I'd let any woman walk those five miles in this heat?" he retorted. His first eager hope had died, but he felt a strange exultation in every moment of her helpless dependence. So much, at least, she could not deny him. He arranged the pillows carefully under her head; once he touched her hair softly, and she started.

"I won't, Esther, I won't again," he said, but his voice trembled, and he hurried out of the room to call his mother. At the door he looked back. "I haven't told her yet, Esther," he said; "I couldn't, somehow, last night. She always thought so much of you."

The girl sat up among her pillows. "I must tell her right away," she cried excitedly.

He strode back to the lounge and stood looking down at her with masterful eyes. "You lie down this minute," he commanded, "and don't you get up till she comes." And the girl obeyed him.

Mrs. Morgan came in a few minutes. She was a large, plain, motherly woman; her eyes were full of tears. She patted Esther softly.

"There, there, you poor child," she said. "Don't you worry a mite,

It will all come right somehow. You ain't had as long an experience with men-folks as I have. I wouldn't feel so bad about your father; when folks get so old I sometimes think they're like children in conscience as well as in other things, and ain't hardly responsible. I guess you won't be sorry by and by, Esther, that you've stood by him now. Grant is hasty and impatient, but he's a good boy, Grant is, if I do say so, and he'll come to see you're right."

Esther's pale face looked up eagerly. "You think he will?" she asked.

"I know he will," answered his mother. "Land sakes, child, I dunno how many times in my life I thought the world had come to an end, but after a while I found it was going on as well as ever, after all."

Esther smiled faintly. She thought she heard every word, but when she opened her eyes she was alone in the room and the shadows were long on the floor. She went to the door. The horse and buggy stood there harnessed; Grant was on the porch reading a paper. He threw it down and rose eagerly as he heard her step.

"I didn't know I slept," said the girl confusedly. "I didn't mean to. I ought to have gone long ago."

"You can go now," he answered, forcing himself to speak quietly. "Mother, she'll drive you over. What was it you wanted of me, Esther?"

The girl's face flushed, and she looked up with pitiful appeal. "It—it's father," she said. "He's put up a sign in the blackberries beside the road. And I wanted to ask you—can I pick berries in the south pasture? I know you don't use them; and can I—use some land—just a little strip—on the other side of the road?"

The young man looked at her with a puzzled face. "I can't make out what you're driving at, Esther," he said; "but you know you're free to anything there."

"I'll pay you for it," she declared eagerly.

His face flushed indignantly. "Do you think I'd charge anybody for a few blackberries?" he asked. The girl's face grew a deep pink, and as she lifted her eyes, full of pain, to his, he remembered. "Oh, Esther, forgive me, dear," he cried. But the girl had climbed into the carriage and did not answer.

It was almost supper-time when she reached home. As she saw her father's frail old figure bent painfully over the garden she felt remorseful that he had had no dinner. She made milk toast and gingerbread for him; she found a big dish of blackberries waiting, and set them on the table, but she did not touch them herself. After supper she went across the road. Nearly opposite the blackberry patch was a wide, smooth stretch under a big maple; she carefully raked it free of brush, and then went into the tool-house. Her father heard her hammering,

but dared not ask her what she was doing. Presently she came out and went across to her flowers. Many of them were not set in the ground, but were blossoming in pots and tin cans; she put these into a wheelbarrow and carried them across the road. It took several trips to move them all, and the garden looked sadly deserted, for she had taken a fierce pleasure in giving her best to it. When they were all arranged, she set her sign in the midst of them; on it was painted in large letters, carefully like her father's,—

“These flowers are free.
“E. MORRISON.”

The next day the village talk was all of the rival signs. Many people walked up the road to see them, but few took any flowers. Esther, shrinking behind the blinds that opened on her desolate garden, felt the curiosity: its fine torture crept through the closed shutters.

The next morning, after her work was done, she took a big pail and went over in the south pasture. It was nearly noon when she returned, bending to one side with her heavy load. She cooked her father's dinner and then went to work on her berries, and when night came a dozen bottles of blackberry wine were down in the cellar.

Then began the strangest part of her task. The village talk she knew they could not escape, but at least she could save her father from strangers. And so every afternoon, when the carriages with city boarders from the lake rolled by, the girl was in her place under the big maple. She was too simple to guess that the very unusualness of the little wayside garden, with its quiet guardian, made people more curious, and that there were few who did not learn the story from other lips. From her own it was always the same. When people stopped and exclaimed, she would give them blossoms or slips, and when they asked, looking at the two signs, who E. Morrison was, she would say that it was her father—that he used the berries, but the flowers were free. And if it was a warm day, she would bring them glasses of her own wine, mutely trying by this gracious hospitality to blot into forgetfulness the bitter word, “miser.”

All through the late summer the strange conflict waged, and the girl, with her flowers, fought to defend her father from himself. She did faithfully all that she could devise for his comfort, and she soon began to grow pale under the extra work. It was no light task to put up the usual preserves, gather and prepare the extra berries, and attend to her garden besides, but she worked feverishly, restlessly; it kept her from thinking; and, moreover, the old man was growing feebler daily. Gradually her own sorrow was numbed by the one overwhelming fear that her father would not yield before he died. She tried, in little, pitiful ways, to stir him from his miserliness, but his old mind seemed

to cling to it as a child clings to some pet toy. She told him stories of little children who were suffering for food, and of what they might do with their extra fruit, but he only shook his head and muttered, "Women don't know, Esther; it's business—business and law." He even took a delight in going and looking at the bushes with their dead-ripe fruit, seeming in some way to feel that it was so much gain to him.

But when the long September storm set in he became ill. He took cold and it settled on his lungs; the doctor shook his head seriously and said that there was no hope. The news spread rapidly in the little village, and the next night Mrs. Morgan came over. Grant had driven her, and would stay all night in case he should be needed. He sat alone in the kitchen, listening to the low voices in the next room. Suddenly the door opened, and his mother beckoned him with suppressed excitement.

"Come in," she whispered.

The old man was propped up on pillows, breathing with difficulty, but with a strange brightness on his withered face. Esther was leaning over him breathlessly.

"What was it, father? Oh, say it again," she begged.

Something in the voice held back the struggling soul for a moment. He looked at her, and across the carven wrinkles of so many years shone a flash of light caught from the Better Land.

"You've been—good girl—Esther," he gasped. "You can let—the children have—the blackberries."



AT LAST

BY ELIZABETH BARNETT ESLER

COME to me, Death, let us be friends to-day.
In my dull age I do confess thy might
Was clemency and wisdom. In my youth
I did contend for one belovéd, lost;
But now I know thou hast done well for both,
Keeping around her head that ring of gold
Which Life and I perchance had fretted thin.
So too I know the infant, cradled soft,
And sleeping safe between thy gentle wings,
Makes me a truer parent than if Time
Had brought me there before the Judgment Bar
Where children try their fathers' silent sins.
Give me thy loyal hand, O patient Death,
Let us go home.

Craig-y-nos Castle,
Llancon Valley,
S Wales

P.T.O.

Mme Adelina Patti
has the honour to announce
her marriage with
Mr. Ernesto Nicoline
on Thursday June 10th 1886
at Lucca.

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WEDDING-CARDS OF MADAME PATTI

A PLAYMATE OF PATTI

By Augusta de Bubna



SHORTLY after the appearance of an article entitled "Recollections of a Little Prima Donna," which some of the matrons of to-day may confess to remember having read in their *St. Nicholas* many years ago, Madame Adelina Patti returned to this country, after an absence of over twenty years, and added new triumphs to her already glorious career in Europe by giving a series of concerts and opera in America, the home of her childhood.

The article mentioned was a graphic and prettily illustrated account of the recollections of one of two little girls who spent a deliriously delightful day in a play-room with the "Infant Prodigy," already a prima donna concertizing throughout the United States with Ole Bull as violinist and Maurice Strakosh as pianist, and even at that early age, "half-past ten," as she herself declared, singing with rare skill and exquisite execution, and in a voice like a nightingale, such arias as "Casta Diva," "Oh luce di quest anima," "Di panti papita," and others.

The tiny Diva was a guest that day of the little girls, and under her orders the play-room had been transformed into an embryo opera-stage. Instead of "making believe" mothers with pretty dolls, and housekeeping with dishes and cups and saucers, the playthings were all swept aside with an air of disdain, and the little maids who entertained their strange new playmate found themselves acting at her command in such roles as Lucia di Lammermoor, Norma, and La Sonnambula. And a hard taskmistress was the Prima Donna, pushing and slapping into their correct positions the stupid little novices in the dramatic art!

What a tableau-vivant is impressed upon the memory! The vivacious little actress, with unbraided blue-black hair streaming over her shoulders as she went through the mad scene in "Lucia," and gesticulated frantically to the somewhat timid and affrighted Edgardo how she was to "look noble and fall dead;" and how humorous she could be as well, when, later, with a twist of her head and rolling up her lustrous black eyes, she sat down at the piano in the parlor and sang out, in good Southern darky dialect, a melody of the day,—

"Once there was a yaller girl,
Her name was Nancy Till;
She knows that I did lub her,
She knows I lub her still;"

and how like a fairy-tale her chatter of her travels, and of the great singers, Alboni, Parodi, Grisi, and others, by whom she had been petted and kissed. How wonderful it all seemed to the quiet little maids from a Quaker-City school-house!

It was, therefore, with the liveliest and most affectionate remembrance of the strange, warm-hearted child that, when the papers announced the arrival in Philadelphia of "Madame Adelina Patti, the greatest of artistes," the writer felt a strong desire to meet once more the little playmate with whom one of the happiest days of a lifetime had been spent; and, with a certain premonition that the generous-hearted woman might possibly reciprocate the tender sentiment, a note was despatched to the hotel at which the Diva was registered, accompanied by a copy of the magazine containing the fond "Recollections," whose profuse illustrations of the little Prima Donna, her "blond-haired lassie friends," and the various pranks of the play-room, the writer thought, *might* recall more vividly than names the playmates of her childhood.

"If the child Prima Donna," ran the note, "a sketch of whom will be found in the accompanying *St. Nicholas*, would care to renew her acquaintance with the little girl who played Edgardo to her Lucia in a play-room in a Southern city in the year 1854, she will find the lassie has been true to her promise and has 'never, never' forgotten the little Adelina, and will be only too happy to call upon her at whatever time may suit her pleasure."

A reply was received immediately, written by Monsieur B., the prime minister and manager of Madame Patti, to whom *everything* was first submitted before reaching the eyes or ears of the Diva.

"Madame Patti," he wrote, "will be most happy to once more meet her little playmate, and will receive her Monday, at one P.M."

It was with mingled feelings of deep curiosity and tender sentiment that the writer sent up her card to the great Madame Patti, and waited

to greet the little child from whom she had parted, in a passion of tears and kisses and embraces, over twenty years before.

A roulade of trills and cadenzas floated out on the corridor as the private parlor was neared, and as the writer entered the room a rarely beautiful woman ran quickly forward and, taking her visitor in her arms, embraced her warmly, kissing her on both cheeks in the same pretty foreign fashion she had used when a child.

"I am so glad, so very glad, to see you," she cried, in that full, vibrant, velvet-toned voice which is marvellous even in speaking. It seemed unlimited in *quantity* as well as wonderful in *quality*.

"It was so beautiful of you to remember and write the story of one happy, happy day in childhood," she went on volubly, caressing the hand of the writer as she spoke. "I have never forgotten it—never; but oh! I have had *so much* to come into *my* life since, incessant labor, study, work,—and much sorrow,—that I never have remembered *where* or *when* it was that I spent that dear, happy time; I only dreamed of it, and remembered it, and wondered over it, for I never had an experience like it before or since! And the pictures!" she cried, laughing heartily, "surely they are *just* like us! It has given me the greatest pleasure to recall the event, I assure you, Madame, and, indeed, I laughed so immoderately the day the magazine came that Monsieur B. took it away from me. You know," she added gravely, "I never speak nor laugh nor use my voice the day I sing in grand opera. We who are living in the sphere of art are slaves. But you made me very happy again in my life, Madame."

How like the "little Adelina" she already seemed! The same effusive, fascinating manner and graceful gestures. And how gracious and generous Time had been to her,—still a rounded, youthful figure, soft, roseate complexion, not a line or wrinkle, the hair luxuriant and blue-black, the eyes as lustrous and brilliant as when a child, and the voice—ah, the voice!

Her English was of the purest, not a suspicion of the foreigner in her pronunciation other than that of our English cousins. Her voice seemed to perfume the room, so rich and permeating, and her manner was that of the well-bred, aristocratic English lady, with something of the vivacity and charm of a woman of the French salon.

Turning to Signor Nicolini, who stood near, taking in with evident pleasure the delight of the Diva, she said, smiling archly:

"See, Ernesto, this is the Edgardo to whom I played Lucia a *long, long* time before I sang with *you*. He does not speak English," she added, as she repeated in Italian some words to the gentleman, who bowed and said:

"Yes, yes, I do spick a leetle vera bad English, Madame, see? I can tell I am happy to make known the vera first Edgardo to the

greatest of Lucias," and his glance of admiration and devotion towards the Diva was rewarded with a tender, affectionate smile.

"And now let us talk of old times," she said, making room beside her on the sofa and clasping the hand of her visitor affectionately; and then, as any "other woman," she asked the kindly, familiar questions which arise between friends after separation.

Was she married? Any little ones? Did she sing or play any more? And the chubby little sister, where was she? And, learning her whereabouts, she had a note made of her address in another city, and later, while singing there, greeted her as kindly and warmly for "old times' sake."

"And you *always* live here in Philadelphia, and never go abroad?" which statement seemed to astonish her, a traveller of the entire civilized world. "But you *will* come some day and visit me? Let me return the hospitality I so happily enjoyed when a child. Craig y Nos Castle is lovely in May, when I am always at home. You shall come to me there, and we will play '*Lucia*' together again in my theatre," and she laughed merrily.

Very tenderly and affectionately the Diva spoke of Ole Bull and her recollections of him on her concert tour. "He was a gentle, kind old man, and like a mother to me. What a little child I was to be going about with only those men! Not a woman, you remember, only papa—poor papa!—and Maurice and Ole Bull, and I was a little tyrant, I dare say, to all three of them. I can recall some terrible times! Oh, what a life mine has been! and yours so peaceful and quiet;" then, changing the subject, she inquired, "What have you heard me in? Not in '*Lucia*' since my *début* at your Academy, when I sang with poor, dear Brignoli and Amodio? Oh, you must hear me now, and *again* in '*Lucia*,' *our* opera. I will send you tickets, and, remember, I will sing to you!"

Other callers entering now claimed her attention, and she conversed fluently to all in German, French, Italian, and English, mistress of language as well as song.

All those who met her seemed as surprised as the writer to find the woman who was past the "midway station" on the path of life still so youthful in appearance and manner. Her costume, of an exquisite shade of peacock-blue silk, was trimmed with priceless Irish point lace, and the diamond that had once been the jewel of the Empress Catharine of Russia glittered and blazed on her bosom, a gift of the Czar.

The oratorio of the "Messiah" was to be sung at the Academy that evening, and Madame Patti was to be present. She confessed to being passionately fond of the music, and said, with a pardonable pride, she

owned the score from which Malibran had sung, and had sung from it at Covent Garden the year before.

She spoke in unbounded terms of our Academy,—“the finest to sing in in the world, excepting that at Milan; the voice just lifts itself. I was so happy to sing there again ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ the other night. I assure you there were tears in my voice all the time. I can never forget that it was in this country that I first found encouragement for the life of incessant labor that I have passed, and for years I have longed to come back to see the home of my childhood, to greet the audiences that first gave me the joy of untested merit. Oh, home, sweet home, is where one’s childhood has been passed, is it not?” Prima donna, artiste, diva, but yet a woman!

The hour for departure came, and another warm embrace, a cordial invitation to Craig y Nos Castle in the Maytime, and then the child-like farewell, “Good-by, dear Adelina,” “Good-by, dear Augusta.”

Later in the season tickets for the Academy, with “Madame Adelina Patti in her great role of Lucia,” were received, accompanied by a photograph of the Diva, and in her own handwriting,—

“To Madame Augusta de Bubna, in friendly remembrance of

“ADELINA PATTI.”



OLD-FASHIONED SONG

BY MARIE VAN VORST

I WANT my dear in snow-day,
I want my dear in rain;
When Spring is here, when, warm and gay,
The Summer comes again.

I want my dear when I am glad
And buoyant life is strong;
I want my dear when I am sad
And sorrows come along.

I want my dear at day's break,
In the pale stealing light;
When fading stars see sun's awake,
When dews are cold and bright.

I want my dear to guide my hand,
To love me and to cheer;
To-day the hour is lagging, and
I want my dear!

TWO “GRANDES DAMES”

BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

MRS. GLADSTONE AND LADY PALMERSTON

By Mrs. E. T. Murray-Smith

Daughter of the Dean of Westminster



THE nineteenth century has closed, and with it another chapter in the history of Westminster Abbey; *finis* is written in more senses than one at the bottom of the page. It is not likely that space will be found within the crowded vaults beneath the pavement for any more celebrities, and it is practically certain that Mrs. Gladstone, whose burial closed the long series of women's funerals in the Abbey for the last two centuries, will be the last member of the female sex interred within these venerable walls,—unless it be one of the ducal house of Northumberland, a family which has a private vault and an old right of burial there. But at one time, and especially in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, there were numbers of quite undistinguished women interred in the nave and transepts, as in a parish church, but gradually, as space became more precious and burials inside all churches more restricted, the names of women became fewer in the funeral register. We may note here the interment of the English wife of the American General, Staats Long-Morris, in the first year of the nineteenth century, but even the indefatigable Colonel Chester, the American antiquarian to whom we owe the collected and printed Abbey registers, could find nothing of interest to record about this lady.

The sequence of graves of members, male and female, of the dramatic profession, who were buried here with no question of character nor even in each case of special talent, was closed in 1809 by the opening of the vault of the actor Henderson in the South Transept to receive the coffin of his widow, herself an actress of some merit.

During these early years of the nineteenth century it seems to have been the custom to bury the near relations of our great statesmen within the precincts with no question of special favor or privilege. Close to Lord Chatham, for instance, rests his widow, the mother of young William Pitt, whilst other members of the family will be found in the cloisters; there also lies Lady Castlereagh, divided in death from her unfortunate husband, whose body was laid amongst the statesmen.

Near George Canning his widow, the Viscountess, was interred in 1837, but during the twenty-eight years which elapsed before another statesman's wife desired to be laid beside her husband a change had taken place with regard to a sepulchre in the Abbey, and it was only by special stipulation, made at the time of her husband's death, that Lady Palmerston was allowed to lie here. Thirty-three more years passed, and once again a similar request was made to the Dean, when the honor of a resting-place amongst the statesmen was offered for William Ewart Gladstone. The words in Gladstone's will, "I desire to be buried where my wife also can lie," made an Abbey grave impossible unless the same favor were extended to his widow, and had it not been possible for the Dean to follow the precedent of the Palmerston burial and permit the wife to lie with her husband, the Gladstone sepulchre would doubtless have been at Hawarden.

Both these great statesmen lived beyond the allotted span of life, and in each case the husband died before the wife whose love had upheld him to the end, and from whom in death he was not to be divided. The Palmers were not married till both were over middle age, while the Gladstones had married younger, and thus spent more than half an ordinary lifetime in the close and intimate companionship of a perfectly happy marriage.

Yet though the years spent together were fewer in number, the Palmers were none the less bound up in one another. Lady Palmerston was Lord Melbourne's sister and the widow of Lord Cowper, and had lived in the great world of fashion and politics since her girlhood. She was herself a diplomatist to her finger-tips, and her unerring tact taught her, although so ardent a politician, the exact limits of female influence. Her salon was famed throughout the Continent, and much of the informal conversation which took place there influenced the cabinets of Europe. She was, in fact, a powerful support to her husband in many a political crisis, charming back the offended supporter to his allegiance or smoothing the ruffled plumes of an angry diplomat, as in the case of a celebrated statesman, who told Disraeli that, much to his own surprise, he had just been to pay a friendly call on Lady Palmerston after not having been on speaking terms with her husband for three weeks. She had, indeed, the gift, so rare in a woman, of concealing her personal predilections, and treating friend or foe in the same kindly and gracious manner.

Madame Craven gives a delightful account of her visits to Broadlands, the Palmers' country-place, where all the visitors, foreign and English alike, found their special wants catered for by the accomplished hostess, who had the art of entertaining with no visible effort, and without permitting any lapses into the busy boredom so common in large country-houses. Let our last words on this grande dame of an

old-world and out-of-date political circle be those of her friend, Madame Craven: "Her gentle manners and speech were but the sincere expression of a benevolence, good-humor, and kindness rarely found to the same degree in those who frequent the fashionable world. These were the characteristics which won her so many friends and makes it impossible to believe that she had any enemies, the qualities which have left her so dear and so undying a memory in the hearts of her friends."

Lord Palmerston died at his post two days before he was eighty-one, his faculties undimmed and his physical strength little affected by his advanced age. A hidden witness has recorded a touching anecdote: A fortnight before his death he saw the old statesman come out of his London house early one morning, look around to assure himself that he was alone, then climb over the area railing round his house and back again to test the strength of his muscles. Even when he felt himself failing he always assumed a cheerful manner in his wife's presence, lest she should be anxious about him, and, indeed, both husband and wife vied with one another in their consideration and care for the feelings of others. Four years were to pass before the faithful wife, who lived to be eighty-four, followed her husband to the grave, and those who pass to the Abbey service up the North Transept tread Sunday after Sunday above the coffins of this distinguished and devoted couple.

Let us now turn to the other statesman's wife, Mrs. Gladstone, whose recent death is fresh in the memory of many of us. Both ladies were essentially grandes dames of the old school, with the courtly manners and stately bearing of the aristocratic circle in which they had been reared. Mrs. Gladstone also had been connected with the political world from her youth up. Her mother's family, the Grenvilles, had supplied England directly or indirectly with four prime ministers, and from the time of her marriage she lived constantly amongst politicians. Yet she never took any prominent part in politics, and, unlike Lady Palmerston, whose political influence was open and avowed, preferred a quiet family life to the leadership of a set or the attraction of a political salon. Mrs. Gladstone, indeed, was wont to profess an absolute ignorance of her husband's policy when pressed to give some hint of his intentions, and would reply with an air of extreme innocence to a direct question from some pushing young politician,—

"Well, I wonder too what he will do."

It is commonly reported that at the outset of their married life Gladstone put two alternatives to his wife, either to know nothing and thus be free of all responsibility, or to know everything and be bound to secrecy. His own remark fifty years later,—

"My wife has known every political secret I ever had," points to the choice she made and also illustrates her discretion.

Catherine Glynne's early youth—she was twenty-seven when she married—was spent with her widowed mother and sister in the house of her young brother, Sir Stephen Glynne, at Hawarden, a place afterwards to be so intimately connected with the Gladstone family. According to one story she first saw her future husband at a dinner-party given by Monckton-Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), when he was pointed out to her by a member of the government who sat beside her as a rising young statesman destined to be prime minister. Their next meeting took place, one is glad to remember, in Westminster Abbey, at the Handel Commemoration.

As a friend of her brother's Catherine had other opportunities for making a nearer acquaintance with the young politician, but it was in Rome during the winter of 1838, amidst surroundings so congenial to the scholar-statesman, that they plighted their troth, a troth unbroken for sixty years of happy wedded life, till death did them part.

The marriage took place in the summer of 1839 at Hawarden, then a little village only known to the outside world as a stopping-place for the coaches between London and Holyhead, where four times in the twenty-four hours the coach-horns woke the echoes of those silent Welsh hills.

Now Hawarden is a familiar name to Gladstone's admirers, few of whom probably realize that the great man was in reality only a tenant for life, as the estate, in default of heirs male after the death of Mrs. Gladstone's two brothers, descended to her eldest son, and on his death became the property of his heir, the Gladstones' grandson, the grandparents having, however, the use and enjoyment of the castle for their lives.

Catherine Glynne and her sister Mary, the "twin flowers of North Wales," were married on the same day, and it is noted that the villagers who knew one bridegroom to be a peer, Lord Lyttleton, picked out Mr. Gladstone as the lord on account of his aristocratic pallor and clear-cut features. Sir Francis Doyle's beautiful verses written for the occasion in homage to the two fair brides are unfortunately too long to quote, but one stanza must be given, since it is an almost prophetic description of Catherine Gladstone's interpretation of her duties as a statesman's wife,—

"High hopes are thine, oh eldest flower,
Great duties to be greatly done,
To soothe in many a toil-worn hour
The noble heart which thou hast won,

for these sentiments were literally fulfilled.

The wife set herself almost from the first to screen her husband

from every breath of annoyance; no adverse criticism, no evil report, was ever permitted to reach his ears if it were in her power to prevent it; and so watchful was she that she was usually successful in her object. Many a guest would return perhaps from dining with the Gladstones, baffled and disappointed after a vain attempt to rouse the sleeping lion on some political or controversial question, for just as the mighty beast would begin to roar and his eyes to flash Mrs. Gladstone would intervene from her end of the table with a seemingly irrelevant remark about the children, or some such domestic topic, and change the whole current of the conversation, probably impressing an unobservant person with her feminine inconsequence. Yet by this very solicitude she knew how to protect her lord from those irritations and anxieties which beset every public man, more especially every politician, and which might have aggravated an excitable and often irascible temperament, possibly even wrecked his political career.

Such a system has its drawbacks, but Mrs. Gladstone steadily followed it during the whole of her married life, and was rewarded by the appreciation of her husband. "Kindness, kindness, nothing but kindness," were the last conscious words he uttered on his death-bed as he held his faithful wife's hand in his. At an earlier stage in his career,—

"If anything should happen to Catherine," he said, "I should close the volume, and close it forever."

All who have heard Gladstone speak in the House of Commons or elsewhere must remember seeing him pause an instant before he started the full torrent of a fiery speech, seize a little pot, and, often after struggling a few seconds with a cork which was wont to resist his frenzied efforts to remove it, swallow some mysterious potion, which was really a harmless mixture of egg and sherry supplied by Mrs. Gladstone as a mild stimulant.

We have dwelt at some length on Catherine Gladstone in her aspect as a wife, since she would herself have considered the care of her husband as her chief duty in life; but even in so brief a notice it is fair to give some other sides of her character. Her philanthropy, for instance, which found expression in wide and discriminating charities, and her utter absence of physical fear were both notably present during the cholera epidemic of 1866. She used not only to visit the cholera wards of the London Hospital, and help the nurses rub the numb feet of dying patients, but was also untiring in her efforts to relieve the destitute families the victims of this terrible scourge left behind them. She founded a home at Clapton for the orphans, as well as a convalescent home at Woodford for those who were recovering their health. The latter Mrs. Gladstone continued to manage and to visit once a week, whenever she was in London, for twenty-five years. Besides

these, she founded another orphan institution at Hawarden after the American Civil War and the Lancashire cotton famine. The Newport Refuge for destitute boys, which is doing good work in the slums of Westminster, was originally started by her advice and encouragement.

Her personal characteristics are not easily forgotten, and delightful stories illustrative of her casual ways rise to one's lips, only checked by the desire not to hurt the feelings of the living by repetition even of such harmless anecdotes,—such, for instance, as the famous occasion when a number of the usual guests were unaccountably omitted from the invitations sent out for one of the great annual parties at the Foreign Office. Some time after all the envelopes addressed to the people whose names began with L or M, or some such letter, were discovered behind a sofa cushion in Downing Street. Yet though, as her husband used to say, Mrs. Gladstone had a marvellous faculty for getting into social scrapes, she had an even more marvellous one for getting out of them, and had also a real talent for quietly disposing of the bores and busybodies who surround every public person without hurting their feelings. The quaint couplet which Gladstone himself was fond of quoting gives a humorous view of the couple,—

"A ragamuffin husband and a rantipoling wife,
We'll fiddle it and scrape it through the ups and downs of life."

To the present writer Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were familiar figures at many a special service in the Abbey, chiefly those memorial and funeral services held from time to time as one great light after another departed from Israel,—poet, statesman, man of science. At the first Jubilee some of those present marked Mrs. Gladstone's sweeping and stately courtesy when the Prince of Wales kissed her hand, second only in dignity to the Queen's own. The last occasion when their presence as guests is distinctly remembered happened to be at a wedding in the Dean's family, when up the nave at the last minute, barely preceding the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone bustled along arm in arm, truly a happy example for any bridal pair to follow.

Once more the same observer was destined to see Mrs. Gladstone pass along that aisle, but, alas! the ceremony was a very different one. Leaning on her son's arm, bent with sorrow and age, shrouded in her black veil, she slowly walked behind the coffin which contained the mortal remains of the husband to whom she had devoted the greater part of her life. Yet though all present were so painfully aware of her loss, it seemed to us as though she herself was scarcely conscious of her surroundings; her eyes, no longer looking forward, were gazing back down all those eventful years of her wedded life. As she rose from her knees and clasped her youngest granddaughter in her arms when the last solemn sentences of the burial service and the last

prayer were ended, one by one the chief mourners, headed by the Prince of Wales, who was followed by Lord Salisbury, came and pressed her hand in silent sympathy, and one by one gazed down into the open grave of the great statesman who had caused more changes in English political life than any party leader of this generation.



Let us leave Mrs. Gladstone thus, standing by her husband's grave, and pass over in silence the purely private ceremony a little more than two years later (June, 1900), when her coffin was laid upon that of him who was all the world to her. The lines inscribed upon the wreath sent by the Princess of Wales, now our gracious Queen Alexandra, in memory of "dear Mrs. Gladstone," and Handel's noble anthem, "Their bodies are buried in peace," sung at the funeral, are the most fitting words with which to close this brief memoir of a noble woman's life:

"It is but crossing with a bated breath,
A white, set face, a little strip of sea—
To find the loved one waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

"ALEXANDRA."



THE WONDER-MUSIC

BY ETHNA CARBERY

I WOULD play you the music of mourning!
And put you to grieving, O dear love and fair,
Till you droop your young head of the shadowy hair,
And the round rainbow tears come a-trembling and fall
For a sorrow of sorrows that broods over all,
For a cruel pain burning.

I would play you the music of laughter!
And set the smiles lighting your apple-bloom face
In little glad ripples that gather apace,
As if the lone hush of lake-waters were stirred
In a wind from the swift sweeping wing of a bird,
Who trails the breeze after.

I would play you the music of sleeping!
And close the white lids over gray wistful eyes,
And bring the rare dreams in a troop from the skies,
And the dreams I should choose for you, pulse of my heart,
Are the sweet and the secret for Love kept apart—
My love in your keeping.

COALS OF FIRE

A HORSE-SHOW SKETCH

By Alfred Stoddart



THE sun had mounted high in the heavens and was shining indulgently upon the pomp and glory of the Meadowthorpe Hunt Club's annual horse-show when Ralph Goring's dog-cart drew up by the ring-side. The groom sprang to the horse's head and Ralph and Satterlee leaped down, the former to join a group of horsemen who were inspecting the horses in the ring, and the latter to look for Grace Rawlings.

Satterlee was stopping with Goring for the horse-show at Oak Lodge, Ralph's jolly little "hunting-box," as he liked to call it. The first time Satterlee had visited Meadowthorpe he had felt keenly his lack of horsemanship, for Meadowthorpe is a sporting community. On this occasion, however, he felt more at ease, having taken a tedious course of lessons in a New York riding-school during the past winter.

To tell the truth, he was horribly afraid of horses and hated the very sight of them, but Grace Rawlings, the Chicago heiress, was staying with the Bradburys,—Bradbury was the M.F.H.,—and Satterlee's fortunes were at such a point that his only hope lay in heiresses. Besides, in Rome one must do as the Romans do, and here at Meadowthorpe horse-show Satterlee's horsey attire was quite as pronounced, if not more so, as that of any of the other men.

He wore a snuff-colored coat with a red waistcoat, brown riding-breeches, and leggins. Indeed, he was very smartly turned out. At the last moment, however, he had welcomed the opportunity of driving over to the show with Goring in his dog-cart instead of cantering over on a polo pony, the conveyance adopted by most of Goring's guests.

Satterlee found Miss Rawlings occupying a coign of vantage on the box-seat of the Bradburys' drag, and was welcomed by her with a gracious smile.

"Good-morning, Mr. Satterlee," she cried; "I am greatly flattered that you should speak to me at all."

"Flattered?" repeated Satterlee. "How could I flatter you? I don't understand."

"Oh, I expected to be entirely neglected to-day. With such an

imposing array of beautiful horses, a mere girl ought not to expect any attention at all."

"But I assure you, Miss Rawlings, that if all the horses in the world were assembled in one place I could not see them while you were near."

"Very nicely said indeed," said Miss Rawlings with a smile. "But, alas! I see that you are in your riding-clothes, and you will probably leave me in five minutes to ride someone's horse in the saddle class."

Satterlee smiled. "Just to show you how wrong you are I intend to remain here by you all day. I had promised to ride one or two horses, but I will cancel my engagements."

"Indeed, you must not do anything of the sort; I cannot allow it," insisted Miss Rawlings. She was visibly pleased, however, much to the disgust of Harding, who had come up just in time to hear part of their conversation.

Wentworth Harding was from Chicago also, and was known to admire Miss Rawlings immensely. He and Grace had known each other since they were both children, and it was not very strange, therefore, that he rather resented Satterlee's cool appropriation of the heiress.

"I did not know you were such a keen horseman, Satterlee," he said mischievously. But Satterlee was not to be taken off his guard.

"Oh, I ride a good deal," he said carelessly. "But I don't care much for anything but 'cross-country' riding. It gets rather tiresome on the flat." He had made his bluff and determined to stand by it.

Harding did not know whether to be angry or amused. He knew that Satterlee could barely stick on a horse, and it made him rage inwardly to hear that enterprising youth boast of his prowess to Grace. He realized, however, that it would never do to ridicule Satterlee in her presence, for she seemed more than favorably impressed with him, so he choked his wrath and hastened off to where Ralph Goring and a group of his friends were standing. To them he related Satterlee's remarks, much to their delectation. Harding's wrath, however, was unabated, and he cast about in his mind for some means of foiling the hateful rival who was, for the present, at least, triumphant over him; for Grace Rawlings had let him go without a word while she listened to Satterlee's boasting. He and Grace were friends of long standing, but she did not encourage his love-making. In his despair he sought Mrs. Bradbury, with whom he was a great favorite, and forthwith a plan of campaign was outlined between them for the discomfiture of Satterlee.

Beatrice Halliday, who had once given Percival Satterlee a little lesson in horsemanship, was sought by the conspirators and urged to enter into their plot. They found her only too willing to do so. Her horse, Rocket, was entered in the class for hunters, and Rocket had carved out a name for himself in the Meadowthorpe country. A few

minutes later, just as Satterlee had excused himself and left Miss Rawlings, "just long enough," as he explained, "to beg off riding those horses," Mrs. Bradbury and Beatrice, arm in arm, approached the Bradbury drag, upon which the heiress was sitting.

Beatrice's countenance wore a look of anxiety which admirably concealed the diabolical plot which she was forwarding, while both Mrs. Bradbury and Harding, who assisted them to mount the drag, looked innocently unconscious.

"Grace, dear," said Mrs. Bradbury sweetly, "it seems you are favored above all other women, and Beatrice has come to ask your influence."

"My influence!" laughed Miss Rawlings. "With whom, pray?"

"Why, Percy Satterlee, of course. You know he is considered the best 'cross-country' rider in New York."

"No, really!" exclaimed the heiress; then, remembering Satterlee's careless remarks, "To be sure, I have heard that he rode very well."

"Of course you have," said Beatrice, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well, the favor I want to ask is simply this. I am dying to have Mr. Satterlee ride my horse, Rocket, in the hunter class, but I dare not ask him. Rocket is a good horse but a little headstrong, and it takes a good rider like Mr. Satterlee to show him to advantage."

"I am sure," said Miss Rawlings, "that Mr. Satterlee would be only too delighted to ride for you if you asked him. Why don't you?"

"No, no! He would refuse, I am sure. He is so modest about his horsemanship. You would think he couldn't ride at all. Please, Miss Rawlings, do this for me, I beg of you," cried Beatrice. "I am going to drive home for luncheon, but will come back here in about an hour for the answer. Remember, I depend upon your influence."

So saying, Beatrice got down from the drag and went with Harding to seek her own carriage. Presently Satterlee returned, and luncheon having been spread by the servants from the capacious hampers which were carried in the boot of the drag, a merry party assembled to dispatch it.

Satterlee paid devoted court to the heiress throughout the informal meal. When it was finished and the men had lighted their pipes and cigars, he and Grace strolled away from the rest of the party.

They talked of many things, and finally their conversation turned to the age of chivalry.

"What a pity it is," said Satterlee, "that there is no romance nowadays. What a fine thing it would be," he continued, with a meaning glance into Miss Rawlings's eyes, "to ride forth to battle for the sake of the woman you love, as the knights did in the old days, carrying the amulet of your 'ladye fayre' next to your heart!"

Miss Rawlings smiled at Satterlee's significant words. She thought

he used beautiful language. Then she bethought herself of Beatrice Halliday's request, and she impulsively commenced to tug at her glove.

It was warm and the glove was tight. She wore them two sizes too small simply because she came from Chicago. But finally it came off, and she blushed as she handed it to her admirer.

Satterlee took it, though somewhat surprised, and with great presence of mind pressed it to his lips. Then he looked at her inquiringly.

"Wear it next your heart," she said, with an entrancing smile. "I want you to ride forth as my knight-errant."

"To the end of the world," promptly retorted Satterlee. "But what is my mission, to kill a dragon or to seek the holy grail? Tell me, Miss Rawlings,—Grace, may I call you Grace?—I beg of you."

"I want you to do something for me. I want you to ride a certain horse in the hunter class."

"Why, of course. Have I not said that I would ride to the ends of the earth for you? But whose horse is it?"

Satterlee's heart had almost stopped beating, and it was all he could do to prevent his knees from smiting each other, but it would never do for a knight-errant to betray such tendencies.

"I am not going to tell you just now," answered Miss Rawlings as they rejoined the party. She was delighted with her success in persuading Satterlee to do something which he would not do for such a favorite as Beatrice Halliday.

So when that charming young sportswoman joined them after lunch, Grace was all smiles.

"I have secured your rider for you, Miss Halliday," she cried triumphantly. "Mr. Satterlee says he will be delighted to ride Rocket. Won't you, Mr. Satterlee?"

"Ride Rocket! Great Heavens!" ejaculated Satterlee mentally. Ride Rocket, the brute that had nearly done for him once, a horse known and feared as a terror even among the hard riders of the Meadowthorpe set! Was the woman mad?"

But he pulled himself together with a mighty effort. He saw that Beatrice was looking at him with eyes full of ill-disguised mirth; then he thought of Grace's glove, which he wore over his heart, and he knew it was his only chance to win the heiress. So he set his teeth and braced himself to murmur with an easy nonchalance:

"Of course. Delighted, I'm sure."

Then he fumbled for his monocle, a pet affectation of his, screwed it in his eye, and treated Miss Halliday to a look of deliberate defiance, which almost disconcerted her. She could afford to yield him a point, however. The plot was progressing merrily.

"It is awfully good of you," Beatrice murmured. "Now I am sure of the blue ribbon."

Presently the rumor commenced to spread that Satterlee was going to ride Rocket in the hunter class. People began coming up to the Bradbury drag by twos and threes to congratulate him on his nerve; some of them to pretend to dissuade him from his purpose.

But Satterlee was not to be daunted. He knew as well as anyone that he was the victim of general mirth, but fortunately Grace, a comparative stranger to Meadowthorpe, knew nothing about horses in general or Rocket in particular. Hearing of the latter's reputation from every side, however, she now became alarmed on Satterlee's account and begged him not to ride such an ill-tempered brute.

Satterlee only laughed and gently reassured her. If it were intended that any horse should kill him, he would have been dead years ago, he told her. Besides, did he not wear her glove over his heart? How could any harm befall him?

To the others who came up Satterlee vouchsafed few replies, but contented himself by staring at them defiantly through his monocle. As the report spread and the time for the hunter class drew near he became the object of even more general interest. He saw himself being pointed out from a distance, and little groups of people, entire strangers to him, congregated in front of the drag to gaze at him and point him out to each other. Really, he was quite the hero of the hour, and he began to enjoy the sensation.

But his enjoyment received a sudden shock when he beheld the attendants dragging a number of formidable-looking hurdles into the ring. There was a stiff post-and-rail fence, an ugly in-and-out, and a hedge.

The time had come when he must do or die, and he almost wished that he might choose the latter alternative. Only he wanted to die comfortably in a bed, not to have his brains kicked out by a diabolical brute on the tan-bark of the ring. Hastily he reviewed the only expedient which came to his agitated mind. He might feign sudden illness. But no. That would never do. Everybody in Meadowthorpe would know why, and undoubtedly Grace would hear too. Besides, Harding was hanging around, and Satterlee had just gotten the iron hot. He must strike before it cooled.

It was now or never. Sink or swim, come what might, the die was cast, so he bade Miss Rawlings a touching adieu and went to mount Rocket.

"Farewell, my knight," she whispered to him softly as he left her. "Good-luck to you," and she waved her dainty handkerchief to him as he strode away.

Beatrice Halliday was standing by Rocket's head. A groom assisted Satterlee to mount.

"You don't know how much I appreciate this," she said to the latter sweetly.

"Oh, yes, I do," he returned from between his set teeth. "I know just exactly how much you appreciate it, and some day I will return the favor."

With which sinister threat he set off for the entrance to the ring, the groom holding Rocket tightly by the head.

The bugle played a fan-fare as Satterlee entered the ring, and the romantic soul of Grace Rawlings was thrilled to its inmost core. It was just as if he really were entering the lists, mounted on his noble steed, to do battle in her honor.

In another moment, however, she had given vent to a piercing shriek and covered her face with her hands; for the moment the groom had released Rocket's head, that enterprising animal had whirled himself around and thrown himself high into the air on his hind legs, pawing frantically at the atmosphere with his fore-feet. Satterlee grabbed at the reins, but one of them was lost. He could only tug desperately with the other, and the result was that in an instant man and horse were both sprawling in the tan-bark.

Fortunately Satterlee had fallen clear of the horse, but he lay absolutely motionless, as though dead. When Grace looked again he was being borne from the ring in this condition by a number of men who had rushed to his assistance.

In a very short time she was bending over him where he lay on a couch in the club-house. He was breathing quite regularly, but his eyes were closed and he appeared to be insensible. A doctor was making a hasty examination of him, but beyond a slight cut on his forehead, which was bleeding quite freely, he did not seem to be seriously injured.

Satterlee, who knew this as well as anyone, lay quite still, keeping his eyes closed by a mighty effort of his will.

"They have ruled Rocket out for bad manners," he heard someone say on the club-house porch.

"Do you think he will die, Doctor?" implored Grace in an agonized tone.

"Oh, no," returned the physician cheerfully; "at least not this time. With careful treatment I am sure he will recover. But I can't understand why he doesn't regain consciousness. I think perhaps I had better bleed him."

"The deuce you do," said Satterlee, and he opened his eyes. A glad cry escaped Grace, and the Doctor's eyes twinkled.

"I will leave him in your care a few minutes, Miss Rawlings," he said. "He needs rest and quiet. You must keep people away from him."

"But I must ride that horse," said Satterlee, making a motion as though to get up. Grace's hand gently detained him.

"You cannot," she said. "Rocket is ruled out, and so he ought to

be. What a dreadful, dreadful horse! How can I ever atone to you for asking you to ride him?"

Satterlee smiled. "You can atone for it, but I am afraid the penance will be too great."

"Nothing can be too great. I am wretched about it."

Then said Satterlee tenderly, seizing her hand, "You can atone, Grace, by becoming my wife."

Miss Rawlings's face became suddenly rosy-red, and to conceal her embarrassment she buried it in her dainty handkerchief.

"Oh, Mr. Satterlee," she whispered, "you are such a dashing knight."

Satterlee extricated her mousquetaire from beneath his red waist-coat and once again kissed it tenderly. The heiress was touched and her eyes filled with tears.

"If I do, Percy," she said, leaning over him, "will you make me one promise?"

"I will promise anything, everything, my darling—only say you will be mine."

"Then promise me on your sacred word of honor that you will never again ride horseback."

Satterlee pretended to hesitate. "You have asked me to give up a great deal," he said, "but I promise—I promise."

Then, forgetting his wounded condition, he jumped to his feet and kissed her, much to the dismay of Wentworth Harding and Beatrice Halliday, who chanced to look in from the club-house porch at that moment.

It was not until after his marriage that Satterlee took his threatened revenge on Beatrice. One day she received a package from a fashionable jeweller, and upon opening it she found that it contained a pin in the form of a dainty gold horse-shoe, upon the arch of which the word "Rocket" was spelled in letters of pearls and diamonds.

Satterlee's card came with it, and over the name he had scribbled "Coals of Fire."



THE PENALTY

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

I MPLACABLE and stern, the captive, Hate,
In silence sits, too anger-blind to see
Love's shining figure at his prison gate,
Longing to hear him bid her turn the key.

BACK-YARD GARDENS AND WINDOW-BOXES

By Eben E. Rexford



WHEN I not long ago visited a friend who lives among huddled city houses, a thought of green things growing in the fragment of a back yard which it was my privilege to enjoy made me wonder if it were not possible to do something to improve the condition of things in some of these substitutes for a real home, and one day I suggested to my friend the advisability of making an experiment in that direction. "It seems to me you might grow a few common flowers," I said.

"I wish I might," she responded, "but I don't believe anything would grow in a back yard. I don't see how it could. The weeds won't, and if they can't flourish, how could you expect flowers to?"

"Let's look it over," I said, and we went out to take observations. The prospect was far from encouraging, I had to admit. There was the usual accumulation of old boxes, cans, and other refuse which one sees in such places. In this respect this particular back yard was like most of its kind, but it had the advantage of a little sunshine, and that was a great deal in its favor when viewed from the stand-point of the amateur gardener.

"I think we can do something with it," I said, after looking it over. "At any rate, we'll try. Turn the boys over to me for a time, and we'll see what can be done in the way of a beginning."

There were two small boys in the family, and, like all boys, they were fond of experimenting in any new field, and when I explained my garden-plan to them, they were enthusiastic over it, as I had expected they would be. Boys, as a general thing, like to dig, and hoe, and spade in the soil. There is enough of the primitive husbandman left in them for that.

We set to work at once, before enthusiasm had a chance to cool. The first thing we did was to dig a hole in one corner of the yard in which to bury all the old rubbish that could not be burned up. When looked at from the gardener's stand-point, the soil was hard and unpromising to a discouraging degree, but I knew that it could be made mellower, if not really mellow, by putting a good deal of hard work on it, and was not disheartened by its stubborn look. In fact, I think I

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rather enjoyed the prospect of the hard fight before us, for I have always taken considerable delight in attempting to overcome obstacles after being told by others that there was no use in trying. I like to convince people that where there's a will there's a way, if one only sets out with the determination to find it.

After we had buried some of the refuse and burned up the rest, the yard was so greatly improved in its appearance that the boys said "It paid to slick up, even if we didn't get any flowers," and began to take commendable pride in what had already been accomplished. "But we'll have the flowers," I said. "Don't worry about that."

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Then hard work began in earnest. We spaded up the ground all around the edge of the lot. This was real labor, for the tramping of many feet for years had made the earth almost as solid as a brick. It came up in coarse chunks, and the vigorous application of an old axe was required to reduce it to the consistency of stove-coal. "It doesn't look as if roots could make much headway in it, does it?" I said to the boys. "But we haven't done with it yet. Just wait."

We left it exposed to the action of air and sun. Water was poured over it frequently, and the boys were instructed to "keep working at it" by odd spells. And they did so faithfully, with axe and hoe, until at last it began to look something like soil.

Then I sent the boys out with baskets, and the keeper of a livery-stable near by gave them the sweepings of the stalls, on condition that they gathered them for themselves and made the stalls clean. This they were glad to do, as I had told them how necessary it was that the soil of the back yard should have some fertilizing element added to it if we expected to grow good plants in it. These sweepings were not ideal fertilizer, by any means, but they were a great deal better than nothing, and we mixed them well with the coarse earth, thus furnishing it with nutriment for the plants we would attempt to grow, and making it lighter and mellower. It was far from being an ideal soil when we were ready for planting our seeds, but it was so much better than the original soil of the back yard that I felt greatly encouraged.

"We will not try to grow anything but the most vigorous plants in it this year," I told the boys. So our choice was confined to petunias, phlox, calliopsis, nasturtiums, zinnias, asters, poppies, marigold, sweet-peas, and morning-glories. These last two we put along the fence that separated the yard from the next neighbor's, and the zinnias were planted in the background, where they would suggest a hedge at the boundary of the lot. The sweet-peas were given a width of coarse-meshed wire netting as support, and the morning-glories were trained on stout strings running from the ground to the top board of the fence. By the middle of June no one would have known that the dilapidated

old fence existed, for it was completely covered with vines and flowers. The other plants began to bloom in June, and as no seed was allowed to ripen, they kept on blooming most of the season, with more or less profusion. The asters were in their prime in September and lasted until cold weather came, thus making the late autumn display quite as fine as that of midsummer.

Now, the amount of pleasure derived from this little back-yard garden could not be computed, as it had a value quite beyond the measure of dollars and cents. The mother found a tonic in out-door employment. She averred that it rested her to work among her flowers, and I have no doubt that it did so, because it was a change and a recreation. The boys not only enjoyed the companionship of the flowers, but they learned many lessons from their work as amateur gardeners which may be of great benefit to them later in life. "It was a relief to me to know where they were," their mother said. "If they had not been in the garden, they might have been in places where boys ought not to be. The garden has been a great success as a means of keeping them at home. And *as a garden*,—why, you haven't any idea how much it has been to all of us. It has kept me from getting homesick. And the neighbors have enjoyed it as much as I have almost. Every day they came in to look it over, and they hardly ever went away without a flower or two, and it made me feel quite rich in being able to give them. A success? Why, of course it has been a success—one of the successes we mean to repeat every year after this, since it has proved to us that we need not go without flowers even if we haven't anything but a city back yard to grow them in."

Of course the flowers in this back-yard garden were not up to the standard of the professional gardener in any respect; but that was not to be expected, because of existing conditions which could not be fully overcome. But they were, all things considered, eminently satisfactory, for they proved, as my friend said, that it is possible to grow flowers under difficulties, if there is a will to grow them. Next summer this back yard of which I have written—which is a veritable and not an imaginary one, as some may think—will be in better condition to grow plants than it was last season, and a greater measure of success may be expected. It was an object-lesson to those who saw it, and I venture the prediction that there will be several back-yard gardens in that vicinity the coming summer.

Let me sum up the important items which the foregoing has attempted to make plain for the benefit of the back-yard gardener: Make the soil as fine as possible. Work it over and over. Don't be discouraged if it resists stubbornly at first—you can conquer it if you put

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enough work on it. Chop it, spade it, pound it,—do anything that is calculated to pulverize it.

It will need some kind of a fertilizer, and if you cannot obtain stable-manure for it, get a few pounds of bonemeal and mix into it. This will cost but a few cents, and will furnish a good deal of plant-food. Indeed, it is quite equal to barnyard fertilizer so far as nutrient is concerned, but it does not help to lighten the soil as that does.

Do not make the mistake of selecting plants difficult to manage. Choose the hardier sorts—those which have the reputation of being able to take care of themselves pretty well. Keep the soil open about them and allow no weeds to grow among them. If this is done, you may have a very good substitute for the garden which possibly you have seen growing under more favorable conditions.

Encourage the children to work in it daily. Flowers are safe companions.

But, as has been said, not all dwellers in the crowded city can have even back-yard gardens. Most of them live so far above the "ground floor" that the thought of a garden, even, seems absurd, because of its utter impossibility. But those who have windows to which some sunshine comes can have, as a substitute for the back-yard garden, a window-box large enough to contain a dozen or more plants, and from these, properly managed, it is a comparatively easy matter to secure a good many flowers throughout the season—enough, indeed, to make the lives of those who have their homes in tenement-houses and flats so much brighter and pleasanter than they would be without them that they cannot afford to forego the privilege of having them.

In making a window-box garden it matters very little what the box itself is made of, if it is stout and large enough to hold a sufficient amount of soil. Have it at least ten inches in depth and a foot in width. Such a box will contain a good deal of soil and will be quite heavy, therefore it is important that it be fastened securely to the window or wall. Do not be satisfied with nailing it in place, but provide it with stout braces running from the front edge of it to the wall below.

Fill it with the best soil you can get. If this is lacking in nutritive quality, add some bonemeal to it. Mix at least a teacupful of it into enough soil to fill a box of the dimension mentioned, to begin with, and along about midsummer apply as much more. This will keep your plants growing well throughout the season.

Most persons who attempt window-gardens in boxes fail with them, therefore the impression prevails that it is not an easy phase of gardening. But the reason of failure, nine times out of ten, is that not enough water is given to supply the needs of the plants. A little is applied in

the morning and more later in the day, and because the surface of the soil looks moist, the owner takes it for granted that it must be damp all through. An examination would convince her that a few inches below the surface the soil is almost, if not quite, dust-dry. The fact is, evaporation takes place so rapidly from a box exposed to the action of air and wind and sunshine, as most window-boxes are, that small amounts of water do but little towards supplying the plants with the moisture needed at their roots. To keep it in proper condition at least a pailful of water should be applied every day, and in very hot weather even that may not be enough. Make it a rule to use so much water that some will run away through the cracks and crevices of the box. When this takes place you may be quite sure that all the soil in the box is saturated with it. And if you keep it saturated throughout the season you can grow good plants in any window-box. This is the secret of success, provided, of course, you have chosen plants adapted to window-box culture. Do not make use of delicate varieties, but use geraniums, both flowering and fragrant-leaved sorts, coleus, heliotrope, fuchsia, lantanas, petunias, phlox, nasturtiums, mignonette, sweet-alyssum, and such vines as moneywort, tradescantia, vinca, othonna, lobelia, and saxifraga. Plant these at the sides of the box, to droop over and hide it.

A morning-glory at each end can be trained up and over the window, and will provide you with a floral awning if you give it something to clamber over in the shape of a framework projecting from the top of the window.

The window-box garden can easily be made a success if the advice given above is followed. But fail to supply a liberal amount of water, and failure is a foregone conclusion.



AFTER ALL

BY CLARENCE URMY

AFTER all is said and done,
The battle lost, or battle won;
Laurelled head, or heart of pain—
One thought the Soul should entertain:
Did I do my level best?
Leave to a righteous Judge the rest;
Recompense belongs to Him,
And KISMET is its eponym!

A FLEMISH HOME OF THE TRAPPIST MONKS

By John Ball Osborne, A.M.

Late U. S. Consul at Ghent, Belgium



In an oasis of the dreary Belgian Campine, within the bounds of the rural commune of Westmalle, twelve miles eastward from the city of Antwerp, stands a monastery of the Trappists, those silent soldiers of Christ whose regulations truly represent the acme of monastic asceticism, and whose order, the product of mediævalism, is enveloped in an atmosphere of romance, mystery, and pathos—probably more so than any other close corporation of the great Church of Rome.



A visit to La Trappe having been recommended as a sort of moral tonic, I set out from my home in Ghent, early one summer morning, and, proceeding to Antwerp, boarded a train on the steam-tramway which runs to Turnhout.

The sun was high in the heavens when I reached the monastery grounds and rang the bell at the entrance. In response there was a shuffling of wooden-shod feet, and a pair of scrutinizing eyes appeared at a tiny grated window in the gate; then a key was turned, a chain jangled, the gate creaked ajar, and I entered the sacred precincts. Before me stood a frail little man in Trappist garb, with tonsured head, grizzly beard, brown woollen robe tucked up from attenuated calves, clumsy sabots, and a bunch of keys suspended from his girdle. I stated my mission, whereupon the friar porter dropped on his knees for a moment's prayer, and then, arising, silently conducted me across the tidy area and into the main building, a large, plain brick structure. Inviting me to be seated in the reception-room, he hastened away to announce me.

Shortly the père hôtelier (guestmaster) appeared and greeted me cordially. He was a handsome young man, whose face bore the unmistakable stamp of intellectuality and strength of character, and whose dignified and graceful manners recalled the days of former social triumphs; for he was a member of the nobility, and, in accordance with the custom of the Trappists, had been selected to act for a period of three years as the sole link with the secular world because of those

same polished manners, so well calculated to give to visitors a favorable impression of the order. In one month more his period of service in this capacity would expire, and he would then lapse into the silence that dominated those about him. I fancied I detected a sigh of regret when he referred to this fact; but it may have been my imagination.

The community at Westmalle was established a century ago and consists of about seventy monks, presided over by an abbot, who is styled the Reverendus Dominus Abbas, and whose only mark of rank is a wooden cross which he bears in chapel. There are two grades of monks, the pères (fathers) and the frères (brothers), the former being those who have pursued a course of study and become priests, and are distinguished by their clean-shaven faces and grayish-white robes with dark scapularies, while the brothers are mostly persons from the lower walks of life, wear brown robes, and may allow their beards to grow. Some writers have referred to the "brothers of the choir;" these are not a distinct class, but merely those who understand Latin and can chant the service. The community is a rigid democracy: previous social conditions practically count for nothing, and scholarly priests of aristocratic stock share equally in the manual labor and menial tasks, working shoulder to shoulder with men of a class which they probably once despised. Postulants must be of age and unmarried. On the completion of a novitiate of at least one year (but which may be extended at the discretion of the abbot) they renounce the world forever, and seek to attain spiritual perfection through prayer, contemplation, fasting, and laborious occupations, besides occasional flagellation as a measure of penance.

The weirdest feature of Trappist life is the ban of perpetual silence under which the monks voluntarily live; and yet it is not *absolute* silence, for that would be well-nigh impossible in such a large body of active workers. In the first place, the abbot and the guestmaster are permitted to speak with visitors, and the schoolmaster to communicate freely with his pupils; then there is the famous phrase "*Memento mori*" ("Remember thou must die"), the ordinary salutation among Trappists; and, furthermore, the voice of all is raised in prayer and song at chapel, while at daily chapter meeting each one publicly confesses every petty fault which he imagines he has committed, and if he forget anything which a brother has noticed, he will be charitably reminded of it. But even with these exceptions the rule of silence is a most trying penance. It is on record that two brothers (by blood) once entered this monastery, and during a period of twenty years did not exchange a dozen words apart from the mournful greeting. The

hôtelier said that he had learned from the abbot that two of his comrades had formerly been inmates of the Trappist house at Tracadie in Nova Scotia, and that another had passed his novitiate at the abbey of Gethsemane in Kentucky, but he added that he himself had never spoken to them. This impressed me, since I had been informed that his nearest relatives had removed to the Belgian colony at Green Bay, Wisconsin, and it would be only natural for him to display the keenest interest in American affairs. As a substitute for speech, the Trappists employ a code of signs devised mostly by the Abbot de Rancé (who reformed the order about the year 1663), which enables them to get along very well.

When a man becomes a Trappist he assumes the name of some saint, and henceforth is dead to the outside world and almost as much so to his companions, whom he knows only by their religious names. The abbot is the faithful guardian of his life secrets and alone knows the motives that impelled him to become a recluse. Although he may at stated times read strictly religious works, he is not permitted, after the novitiate is at an end, to write or receive letters, and everything beyond the monastery wall, so far as he is concerned, is a hopeless blank. The veterans do not even know who are the reigning sovereigns of the various countries of Europe (with the possible exception of Belgium), and if they were to suddenly return to the scenes of their youth, they would be in the same plight as was Rip Van Winkle after his long sleep. It is said that the only knowledge that reached these monks in regard to the Franco-Prussian War—the greatest battles of which were fought within half a day's journey from their retreat—was when one evening at chapter the venerable abbot impressively said: "Brethren, two great nations are at war; let us pray for them." Doubtless a similar announcement was made in 1898 on the occasion of the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. Far more pathetic is their hopeless ignorance of the fate of those formerly held most dear. Many letters come to the monastery announcing the death of relatives of the monks; these are seen by the abbot only, and at chapter he may simply announce: "The mother of one of our number is dead; let us pray for her soul." Never to his dying day does the bereaved Trappist learn that he was praying for his own mother.

It is claimed that they devote eleven hours of the twenty-four to worship in one form or another. Doubtless this is true; at least it appears probable from an examination of the daily routine. At midnight the chapel bell tolls and the monks rise and prostrate themselves on the floor. After a silent prayer they return to bed until two A.M.

(earlier on religious fête days), when they again arise and attend matins and laudes in chapel, which last until half-past three o'clock. A period of meditation follows, and at half-past five comes the office of prime. At seven they begin their daily work on the farm and in the various workshops, and are thus occupied for about two hours. Shortly after nine they resort to the chapel for the successive offices of tierce, sexte, and none. They dine at noon and then return to manual labor for two hours. The hour from three to four P.M. is spent by each one in private reading or prayer in his cell, and at four they attend vespers. Then they partake of a light supper, followed by a short interval of repose. At six they recite compline in the choir, and subsequently spend a half-hour in meditation, and lastly assemble in the chapter-room for public confession, brief announcements, and one more prayer. By this time it is eight o'clock, the day is closed, and the monks retire to sleep the sleep of the blessed until midnight, when another day's routine begins.

Much of the information which precedes was imparted to me by the guestmaster while we conversed in the reception-room; when the subject seemed exhausted we rose and started on a tour of the premises. The first object of interest to which my attention was called was a remarkable clock in the corridor, where a marvellous representation of a human skeleton, wrought in gray stone and armed with a scythe, bends over a large dial which imperceptibly and noiselessly revolves in such a manner that the long, bony forefinger of the grim symbol of death always indicates the exact time. This inanimate expression of human mortality appeals constantly to the Trappist's eye, just as the Latin salutation does to his ear.

Passing a tiny apothecary-shop wherein the dominus medicus was busily engaged in compounding a potion for a sick brother, I was shown the refectory with two long, parallel tables extending on either side and joined at one end by a short cross-table where the abbot sits between the prior and the doctor. No table-cloths are used; but the tables are kept scrupulously clean, and at each place lie a napkin, mug, knife, wooden fork, and a spoon. In the centre of the room is a lectern from which the prior holds forth in prayer or reads from the Scriptures during meals. The Trappists consider eating to be a necessary evil, and curtail it to such a degree that one step further would be suicide. Dinner, to which scarcely fifteen minutes is devoted, consists of a mess of vegetables boiled in water without butter or salt and served in a crude earthenware bowl, a slice or two of rye bread without butter, and a mug of milk or water as a beverage. Supper is the barest apology for a meal, being nothing more than bread and water. The guestmaster did not mention breakfast; if there be such a meal, it probably consists merely of a glass of water. A slight relaxation of this dietary is allowed

to invalids, who may have two eggs a day, while on extraordinary occasions, such as a funeral feast in honor of a departed friar, the monks revel in an egg apiece. They are strict vegetarians, and a Trappist must be in the very jaws of death before he will consent to eat meat. How these poor, untiring toilers can exist on such feeble food surpasses my comprehension; and yet I saw individuals at Westmalle who had been undergoing the rigid régime for half a century. The majority of the veterans, however, were haggard, sad-faced, and gaunt, and bore no resemblance to the proverbially sleek, jolly, rotund monks of the cloister. What splendid testimony to their sincerity it is that there are no desertions from the ranks!



A few steps from the refectory I emerged into the little cemetery, hemmed in by buildings in such manner that from every inner window the monks may have an unobstructed view of their mortal destination. Each grave was marked by a large, plain wooden cross, bearing the religious name, age, and date of death of the occupant. Here one of the popular notions respecting the Trappists was partly verified and partly exploded. Friends at Ghent had given me to understand that the usual avocation of these monks is the digging of their own graves (the same is stated in many publications), so that I was fully prepared to find the ground in the cemetery thoroughly honeycombed. What I did find, besides what has been described, was a *single open grave* with an uninscribed cross projecting from its depths. The grave had evidently been dug for some time, perhaps several months; and I did not need to be informed that it had been prepared, not for any particular tenant, but merely for whomsoever Death should next claim. As soon as one grave is filled, another is commenced near-by by some monk to whom the task has been assigned; but it is usually left uncompleted in order that whenever a friar feels in the digging mood he may resort there and do a little excavating, inspired by the fervent hope that he may be working upon his own tomb. When a Trappist is in the throes of death, ashes are sprinkled upon the floor in the form of a cross at his bedside (sometimes in the chapel), and over the ashes is strewn a bundle of straw, upon which the sufferer is laid down to die. When the spirit has fled, the body, attired simply in monastic garb, is borne upon a pall to the grave and buried without coffin or other covering.

Re-entering the house and climbing a narrow stairway, I found myself in the dimly lighted dormitory, on the threshold of which my conductor admonished perfect silence. Along either side of an oblong room I saw a row of small sleeping-apartments partitioned off and curtained from view. Each monk occupies one of these cells, and for a bed has a straw mattress and pillow, besides a single woollen blanket. The dormitory is not heated, and on bitterly cold nights inmates who

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feel the approach of the freezing state are constrained to arise and whip up the tardy circulation with the knotted cord which each one keeps at hand, particularly for self-chastisement on Fridays.

I descended to the chapel, where I found the monks engaged in the last office of the morning. They had just finished singing a hymn in a peculiar monotone, and with the final notes mournfully prolonged they prostrated themselves upon the stone pavement. It was an impressive scene, affording a vista into the Middle Ages; the rolling centuries have not changed the dress of the Trappists a particle, and the inflection and cadence of their choral music remain precisely the same. I would have preferred to linger, but the hôtelier led the way to the visitors' dining-room, where preparations for my refreshment had already been made.



The dinner that the guestmaster now brought in and set before me was a masterpiece of vegetarianism, and I especially relished it as a welcome relief from the monotonous round of mysterious creations of the cuisine française of the Hotel Royal at Ghent. There was delicious milk soup, a tempting mixture of vegetables, side-dishes of eggs prepared in wondrous fashion, incomparable cheese, and domestic beer. This beer was, indeed, the pièce de résistance; brewed on the premises by the hands of the pious monks, to whom any adulteration would be a heinous crime, it was nectarean food, rich and redolent of teeming hops. As the last drop in the flagon disappeared, I pronounced it the finest beverage in the world, which is certainly a bold expression, comprehending the fertile valleys of sunny France and the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and I praised it so highly that the good père hôtelier opened his heart and his larder and produced some white wine of local vintage which reminded me of Sauterne.

After dinner I was shown neat little guest-chambers in the upper stories of the house for the accommodation of strangers and particularly of belated travellers over the desolate Campine. It was a pleasure to learn that this entertainment, both food and lodging, is gratuitous and given ungrudgingly to the humblest visitors (but women are never admitted into any house of the order), and this too in a country where people will hunt high and low for a lost two-centime piece (two-fifths of a United States cent) and where not even a theatre programme is given away.

In a corner of the grounds, by the roadside, is the school-house where the children of destitute peasants of the vicinity receive free instruction from one of the monks, as well as their daily dinner. As I passed the open windows an exercise suspiciously like the catechism

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was in progress. Very probably the merits of a monastic life are not neglected in the children's curriculum.

The scenes of the monks' labors next claimed my attention: the brewery, with its vats, pipes, and polished copper utensils—everything in perfect order and a model of neatness; the printing establishment, where a monk was engaged in setting type and another in feeding the press, which was turning out beautifully executed material for a religious book; and the smithy and the carpenter, glazier, shoemaker, and tailor shops—in fact, all the essentials of a self-sustaining community.

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The farm is constantly increasing and now consists of more than fifteen hundred acres of productive land, reclaimed by a century of indefatigable toil from a state of natural barrenness, for the soil of the Campine is very sandy. It is a curious spectacle to watch a band of Trappists, youthful striplings shoulder to shoulder with gray-haired veterans, with cowls turned back, robes tucked up, and in big wooden shoes, earnestly tilling the soil in absolute silence, but accomplishing more than twice the number of gossiping laborers ordinarily do. I was not allowed to overlook the barn-yard with its sleek cows and lazy fowl, grown old in the service of the community and grateful to the monks for their vegetarian doctrine, nor the vineyard where are grown the luscious grapes from which the Trappist brand of Sauterne is made. The monks send to market whatever produce they do not consume or give to the beggars who come regularly to the monastery gate. They also carry on a considerable trade in their beer, which is retailed in certain establishments at Antwerp. Another Trappist house in the Walloon region of Belgium makes a specialty of its manufactures of chocolate.

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Before leaving the grounds I paused for a moment at the gate-way. Evening was at hand, the chapel bell was plaintively calling the monks to another service, and with hurrying steps they were gathering like shrouded spectres summoned from the tomb. The Spartan life of self-abnegation led by these austere recluses had been a revelation to me; and as I quitted the place and wended my way to the railway station, it was with a sense of having had a salutary experience, and yet with a sigh of relief to be again where there is no ban upon the precious gift of speech.

THE FINDING OF MARTHA

BEING A SEQUEL TO "THE STRENGTH OF GIDEON,"
PUBLISHED IN THE OCTOBER, 1899, NUMBER

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Author of "The Uncalled," "Folks from Dixie," etc.



WETHER one believes in predestination or not, the intense-
ness with which Gideon Stone went towards his destiny
would have been a veritable and material proof of fore-
ordination. Even before the old mistress had followed her husband to
the silent land and the marriage of Miss Ellen had entirely broken up
the home, he had begun to exhort among the people who were forming
a free community about the old slave plantation. The embargo against
negro education having been removed, he learned to read by hook and by
crook, and night after night in his lonely room he sat poring over the
few books that he could lay his hands upon.

Aside from the semi-pastoral duties which he had laid upon him-
self, his life was a lonely one. For Gideon was no less true to his love
than he had been to his honor. Since Martha had left him, five years
before, no other woman had been enshrined in his heart, and the long-
ing was ever in him to go forth and search for her. But his duties and
his poverty still held him bound, and so the years glided away.
Gideon's powers, however, were not rusting from disuse. He was
gaining experience and increasing his knowledge.

It was now that the wave of enthusiasm for the education of the
blacks swept most vigorously over the South, and, catching him, carried
him into the harbor of one of the new Southern schools. The chief
business of these institutions then was the turning out of teachers and
preachers. During the months of his vacations Gideon followed the former
calling as a means of preparation for the latter. So he was imparting
to others the Rule of Three very soon after he had learned it him-
self. He brought to both these new labors of his the same earnestness
and seriousness that had characterized his life on the plantation. And
in due course the little school sent him forth proudly as one of her
brightest and best.

The course being finished, Gideon's first impulse was to go farther
southward, where his duty towards his fellows was plain. But this

plan warred with the longing that had been in his heart ever since he had seen the blue lines swing over the hills and away and he knew that with them Martha was making her way northward. He had never heard of her since; but he did not blame her. She could not write herself, few of her associates could, and in the turmoil of the times it would not be easy to get a letter written, or, being written, get it to him. Not for one moment did he lose faith in her. He believed that somewhere she was waiting for him,—impatiently, perhaps, but still with trust. He would go to her. From that moment his search should begin. Washington was the Mecca for his people then. Perhaps among those who had flocked from the South to the nation's capital he might find the object of his search. It was worth the trying, so thither he turned his steps.

At that time, when the first desire for a minister with at least a little more knowledge than they themselves possessed was coming to the Negroes, it was not a difficult matter for Gideon to find a church. He was called to a small chapel very shortly after he arrived in Washington, and after pastoring that for a few months found himself over the larger congregation of Shiloh Church, which was the mother of his former charge.

He had an enthusiasm for his work that gave him influence over the people and made him popular both as a preacher and a pastor, while the voice that in the days gone by had sung "Gideon's Band" was mighty in its aid to the volunteer choir. His fame grew week by week, and he drew around him a larger and better crowd of his own people. But in it all, his occupations and his successes, he did not forget why he had come to the city. His eye was ever out for a glimpse of a familiar face. With no thought of self-aggrandizement, he yet did all in his power to spread his name abroad, for, thought he, "If Martha hears of me, she will come to me." He did not trust to this method alone, however, but went forth at all times upon his search.

"Hit do 'pear to me moughty funny," said one of his congregation to another one day, "dat a preachah o' Brothah Stone's ability do hang erroun' de deepo so."

"Hang erroun' de deepo! What you talkin' 'bout, Sis Mandy?"

"Dat des whut I say. Dat man kin sholy allus be foun' at one deepo er anothah, Sis Lizy."

"I don't know how dat come, case he sholy do mek his pasto'ial wisits."

"I ain't 'sputin' de wisits, ner I ain't a-blamin' de man, case I got all kin' o' faif in Brothah Gidjon Stone, but I do say, an' dey's othahs dat kin tell you de same, dat w'en he ain't a-wisitin' de sick er a-preachin', he stan' erroun' watchin' de steam-cyahs, an' dey say his eyes des glisten w'enevah a train comes in."

"Huh, uh, honey, dey's somep'n' behime dat."

"Tain't fu' me to say. Cose I knows all edjicated people has dey cuhiousnesses, but dis is moughty cuhious."

It was indeed true, as Sister Mandy Belknap had said, that Gideon was often to be found at one or the other of the railway stations, where he watched feverishly the incoming and outgoing trains. Maybe Martha would be on one of them. She might be coming in or going out any day, and so he was miserable whenever he missed a day at his post. The station officials looked in wonder at the slim Negro in clerical dress who came day by day to watch with intense face the monotonous bustle of arrival and departure. Whoever he is, they thought, he has been expecting someone for a long time.

The trains went and the trains came, and yet Martha did not appear, and the eager look in Gideon's face grew stronger. The intent gaze with which he regarded the world without grew keener and more expectant. It was as if all the yearning that his soul had experienced in all the years had come out into his face and begged pity of the world. And yet there was none of this plea for pity in Gideon's attitude. On the contrary, he went his own way, and a brave, manly way it was, that asked less of the world than it gave. The very disappointment which he restrained made him more helpful to the generally disappointed and despised people to whom he ministered. When his heart ached within him, he took no time for repining, but measuring their pain by his own, set out to find some remedy for their suffering. Their griefs were mirrored in his own sorrow, and every wail of theirs was but the echo of his own heart's cry. He drew people to him by the force of his sympathetic understanding of their woes, and even those who came for his help and counsel went away asking how so young a man could feel and know so much.

Meanwhile in Gideon's congregation a feeling of unrest seemed taking possession of the sisters. In the privacy of their families they spoke of the matter which troubled them to indifferent husbands, who guffawed and went their several ways as if a momentous question were not taxing their wives' minds. But the women would not be put off. When they found that the men, with the indifference of the sex, refused to be interested, they talked among themselves, and they concluded without a dissenting voice that there was something peculiar, something strange and uncanny, about the celibacy of the Reverend Gideon Stone. He was abnormal. He was the shining exception in a much-marrying calling.

A number of them were gathered at Sister Mandy Belknap's home one Friday evening, when the conversation turned to the preacher's unaccountable course.

"Hit seem mo' unnatchul lak, case preachahs is mos'lly de marry-
nest kin' o' men," said Sister Lizy Doke.

"To be sho; dat what mek his diffuntness look so cuhious."

"Well, now, look-a-hyeah, sistahs," spoke up a widow lady who was now enjoying a brief interval of single-blessedness after a stormy parting with her fourth spouse; "don't you reckon dat man got a wife som'ers? You know men will do dat thing. I 'membah my third husban'. W'en I ma'ied him he had a wife in Tennessee, and anothah one in Fuginny. I know men."

"Brothah Gidjon ain't nevah been ma'ied," said Sister Mandy shortly.

"Huccome you so sho'?"

"He ain't got de look; dat's huccome me so sho'."

"Huh, uh, honey, dey ain't no tellin' whut kin' o' look a man kin put on. I know men, I tell you."

"Brothah Gidjon ain't ma'ied," reiterated the hostess; "fust an' fo'mos', dey ain't no foolin' de pusson on de ma'ied look, an' he ain't got it. Den he ain't puttin' on no looks, case Brothah Gidjon is diffunt f'om othah men mo' ways den one. I knows dat ef I is only got my fust husban' an' is still livin' wid him."

The widow lady instantly subsided.

"You don' reckon Brothah Gidjon's been tekin' up any dese hyeah Cath'lic notions, does you?" ventured another speaker. "You know dem Cath'lic pries'es don' nevah ma'y."

"How's he gwine to have any Cath'lic notions, w'en he bred an' born an' raised in de Baptis' faif?"

"Dey ain't no tellin'. Dey ain't no tellin'. W'en colo'ed folks git to gwine to colleges, you nevah know what dey gwine lu'n. My mammy's sistah was sol' inter Ma'yлан', an', bless yo' soul, she's a Cath'lic to dis day."

"Well, I do' know nuffin' 'bout dat, but hit ain't no Cath'lic notions, I tell you. Brothah Gidjon Stone's too solid fu' dat. Dey's some'p'n else behime it."

The interest and curiosity of the women, now that they were fired, did not stop at these private discussions among themselves. They went even farther and broached the matter to the minister.

They suggested jocosely, but with a deep vein of earnestness underlying the statement, that they were looking for a wife for him. But they could elicit from him no response save "There's time enough; oh, there's time enough."

Gideon said this with an appearance of cheerfulness, but in his heart he did not believe it. He did not think that there was time. His body, his mind, his soul all yearned hotly for the companionship of the woman he loved. There are some men born to be husbands, just as there are some men born to be poets, painters, or musicians—men who, living alone, cannot know life. Gideon was one of these. Every

instinct of his being drove him towards domestic life with unflagging insistency. But it was Martha whom he wanted. Martha whom he loved and with whom he had plighted his troth. What to him were the glances of other women? What the seduction in their eyes, and the unveiled invitation in their smiles? There was one woman in the world to him, and she loomed so large to his sight that he could see no other. How he waited; how he longed; how he prayed! And the days passed, the trains came and went, and still no word, no sight of Martha.

Strangers came to his church, and visitors from other cities came to him, and still nothing of her for whom he waited to make his life complete. Then one day in the silence of his own sorrow he fell upon his knees, crying, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And from then hope fled from him. She was dead. She must be, or she would have come to him. He had waited long, oh, so long, and now it was all over. For the rest of his days he must walk the way of his life alone or—could he, could he turn his eyes upon another woman? No, no, his heart cried out to him, and he felt in that moment as a man standing beside his wife's bier would feel should the thought of another obtrude itself.

He went to the trains no more. He searched no more; hope was dead; but the one object that had blinded him, that had given him single sight, being removed, he began to look around him and to see—at first it seemed almost a revelation—other women. Now he saw too their glances and their smiles. He heard the tender notes in their voices as they spoke to him, for all other sounds were no longer drowned by Martha's calling to him from the Unknown. When first he found himself giving fuller range to his narrow vision, he was startled, then apologetic, then defiant. The man in him triumphed. Martha was dead. He was alone. Must he always be? Was life, after all, to be but this bitter husk to him when he had but to reach forth his hand to find the kernel of it?

He had never even been troubled with such speculations before, but now he awoke to the fact that he was not yet old and that the long stretch of life before him looked dreary enough if he must tread it by himself.

In this crisis the tempter, who is always an opportunist, came to Gideon. Sister Mandy Belknap had always manifested a great deal of interest in the preacher's welfare, a surprising amount for a woman who had no daughter. However, she had a niece. Now she came to the pastor with a grave face.

"Brothah Stone," she said, "I got some talk fu' you."

"Yes, Sister Belknap?" said Gideon, settling himself complacently, with the expectation of hearing some tale of domestic woe or

some history of spiritual doubt, for among his congregation he was often the arbiter in such affairs.

"Now, I's ol' enough fu' yo' mothah," Sister Mandy went on, and at the words the minister became suddenly alert, for from her introduction her visit seemed to be admonitory, rather than appealing. Evidently he was not to give advice, but to be advised. He was not to be the advocate, but the defendant; not the judge, but the culprit.

"I's seed mo' of life den you has, Brothah Gidjon, ef I do say hit myse'f."

"Not a doubt of it, my sister."

"An' I knows mo' 'bout men an' women den you does. Cose you knows mo' 'bout Scripter den I does, dough I ricollect dat de Lawd said dat it ain't good fu' man to be alone."

Gideon started. It was as if the old woman had by some occult power divined the trend of his thoughts and come to take part in the direction of them.

"The Bible surely says that, Sister Belknap," he said when the first surprise was over.

"It do, an' I want to know ef you ain't a-flyin' in de face o' Providence by doin' what hit say ain't good fu' a man?"

Gideon was a little bit puzzled, but in answer he began, "There are circumstances—"

"Dat's des' hit," said Sister Mandy impressively; "sarcumstances, sarcumstances, an' evah man dat wants to disobey de wo'd t'inks he's got de sarcumstances. Uh! I tell you de ol' boy is a moughty clevah han' at mekin' excuses fu' us."

"I don't reckon, sister, that we've got the same point of view," said Gideon nervously.

"'Tain't my p'int of view, 'tain't mine; hit's de Lawd A'mighty's. You young, Brothah Gidjon, you young, an' you do' see lak I does, but lemme tell you, hit ain't right fu' no man whut ain't ma'ied to be a-pasto'n' no sich a flock. I do' want to meddle into yo' business, but all I got to say is, you bettah look erroun' you an' choose a wife fu' to be yo' he'pmeet. 'Scuse me fu' speakin' to you, Brothah. Go 'roun' an' see my niece. She kin p'int out some moughty nice women."

"It was mighty good of you to speak, and I am glad that you came to me. I will think over what you have said."

"It is not good for man to be alone," mused Gideon when his visitor was gone. Was not this just the word of help and encouragement that he had wanted—indeed, the one that he had been waiting for? He had been faithful, he told himself. He had looked and he had waited. Martha had not come, and was it not true that "it is not good for man to be alone"? He went to bed that night with the sentence ringing in his head.

Mandy Belknap had done her work well, for on the following Sunday the preacher smiled on her niece, Caroline Martin, and on the Sunday after that he walked home to dinner with her.

What the gossips said about it at the time, how they gazed and chattered, and with what a feeling of self-satisfaction Sister Mandy went her way are details that do not belong to this story. However, one cannot pass over Gideon's attitude in this new matter. It is true that he found himself liking Caroline better and better the more frequently he saw her. The girl's pretty ways pleased him. She was a member of his choir, and he thought often how like Martha's her voice was. Indeed, he was wont to compare her with this early love of his, and it did not occur to him that he cared for her not so much for what she was herself, but for the few points in which she resembled his lost sweetheart. He was not wooing, if wooing his attentions could be called, Caroline Martin as Caroline Martin, but only as a proxy for his own unforgotten *Martha*, for even now, in the face of hopelessness, his love and faith were stronger than he.

Caroline Martin was the most envied girl in Shiloh Church, for, indeed, hers was no slight distinction, to be singled out by the minister for his special attention after so long a period of indifference. But envy and gossip passed her by as the idle wind, for the very honor which had been accorded her placed her above the reach of petty jealousies. Her triumph, however, was to be brief.

It was on a rainy Sunday night in October, a late Washington October, which has in it all the possibilities of nastiness given to weather. Shiloh Chapel was well filled despite the storm without. Gideon was holding forth in his accustomed way, vigorously, eloquently, and convincingly. His congregation was warming up to a keen appreciation of his sermon, when suddenly the door opened, and a drabbled, forlorn-looking woman entered and sank into a back seat. One glance at her, and the words died on Gideon's lips. He paused for a moment and swayed upon his feet while his heart beat a wild tattoo.

It was *Martha*, his *Martha*, but, oh, how sadly changed! His heart fell a-bleeding for her as he saw the once proud woman sitting there crouched in her seat among the well-dressed people like the humblest of creatures. He wanted to stop right there in the midst of his sermon and go rushing to her, to take her in his arms and tell her that if the world had dealt hard with her, he at least was true.

It was a long pause he made, and the congregation was looking at him in surprise. Then he recovered himself, and went on with his exhortation, hastily, feverishly. He could scarcely wait to be done.

The last words of the benediction fell from his lips and he hastened down the aisle, elbowing his way through the detaining crowd, his face

set towards one point. Someone spoke to him as he passed, but he did not hear; a hand was stretched out to him, but he did not see it. There was but one thought in his mind.

He reached the seat in the corner of which Martha had crouched. She was gone. He stood for a moment dazed, and then dashed out into the rain and darkness. Nothing was to be seen of her, and hatless he ran on down the street, hoping to strike the direction in which she had started and so overtake her. But she had evidently gone directly across the street or turned another way. Sad and dejected and wondering somewhat, he retraced his steps to the church.

It was Martha; there could be no doubt of that. But why such an act from her? It seemed as if she had purposely avoided him. What had he done to her that she should treat him thus? She must have some reason. It was not like Martha. Yes, there was some good reason, he knew. Faith came back to him then. He had seen her. She was living and he would see her again. His heart lightened and bounded. Martha was found.

Sister Belknap was waiting for him when he got back to the church door, and beside her the comely Caroline.

"W'y, Brothah Gidjon," said the elder woman, "what's de mattah wid you to-night? You des shot outen de do' lak a streak o' lightnin', an baih-headed, ez I live! I lay you'll tek yo' death o' col' dis hyeah night."

"I saw an old friend of mine from the South in church and I wanted to catch her before she got away, but she was gone."

There was something in the minister's voice, a tone or an inflection, that disturbed Sister Belknap's complacency, and with a sharp, "Come on, Ca'line," she bade him good-night and went her way. He saw them go off together without a pang. As he got his hat and started home, his only thought was of Martha and how she would come again, and he was happy.

The next Sunday he watched every new-comer to the church with eager attention, and so at night; but Martha was not among them. Sunday after Sunday told the same story, and again Gideon's heart failed him. Maybe Martha did not want to see him. Maybe she was married, and his heart grew cold at that.

For over a month, however, his vigilance did not relax, and finally his faith was rewarded. In the midst of his sermon he saw Martha glide in and slip into a seat. He ended quickly, and leaving the benediction to be pronounced by a "local preacher," he hurried down the aisle and was at her side just as she reached the door ahead of everyone.

"Martha, Martha, thank the Lord!" he cried, taking her hand.

"Oh God—I mean Brothah—er—Reverent—I must go 'long."

The woman was painfully embarrassed.

"I am going with you," he said firmly, still holding her hand as he led her protesting from the church.

"Oh, you mustn't go with me," she cried, shrinking from him.

"Why, Martha, what have I done to you? I've been waiting for you so long."

She had begun to sob now, and Gideon, without pausing to think whether she were married or not, put his arm tenderly about her. "Tell me what it is, Martha? What has kept you from me so long?"

"I ain't no fittin' pusson fu' you now, Gidjon."

"What is it? You're not—are you married?"

"No."

"Have you kept the light?"

"Yes, thank de Lawd, even wid all my low-downness, I's kept de light in my soul."

"Then that's all, Martha?"

"No, it ain't—it ain't. I wouldn't stay wid you w'en you axed me, an' I came up hyeah an' got po'er an' po'er, an' dey's been times w'en I ain't had nothin' ha'dly to go on; but I wouldn't sen' you no wo'd, case I was proud an' I was ashamed case I run off to fin' so much an' only foun' dis. Den I hyeahed dat you was edjicated an' comin' hyeah to preach. Dat made you furder away f'om me, an' I knowed you wasn' fu' me no mo'. It lak to killed me, but I stuck it out. Many an' many's de time I seen you an' could 'a' called you, but I thought you'd be ashamed o' me."

"Martha!"

"I wouldn' 'a' come to yo' chu'ch, but I wanted to hyeah yo' voice ag'in des once. Den I wouldn' 'a' come back no mo', case I thought you reckernized me. But I had to—I had to. I was hongry to hyeah you speak. But go back now, Gidjon, I'm near home, an' I can't tek you to dat po' place."

But Gideon marched right on. A light was in his face and a springiness in his step that had been absent for many a day. She halted before a poor little house, two rooms at the most, the front one topped with a stove-pipe which did duty as a chimney.

"Hyeah's whaih I live," she said shamefacedly; "you would come."

They went in. The little room, ill furnished, was clean and neat, and the threadbare carpet was scrupulously swept.

Gideon had been too happy to speak, but now he broke silence. "This is just about the size of the cabin we'd have had if the war hadn't come. Can you get ready by to-morrow?"

"No, no, I ain't fu' you, Gidjon. I ain't got nothin'. I don't know nothin' but ha'd work. What would I look lak among yo' fine folks?"

"You'd look like my Martha, and that's what you're going to do."

Her eyes began to shine. "Gidjon, you don't mean it! I thought

when colo'ed folks got edjicated dey fu'got dey mammys an' dey pappys an' dey ol' frien's what can't talk straight."

"Martha," said Gideon, "did you ever hear 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' played on a banjo?"

"No."

"Well, you know the instrument isn't much, but it's the same sweet old tune. That's the way it is when old friends tell me their love and friendship brokenly. Can't you see?"

They talked long that night, and Gideon brought Martha to his way of thinking, though she held out for less haste. Se exacted a week.

On the following Sunday the Reverend Gideon Stone preached as his congregation had never heard him preach before, and after the service, being asked to remain, they were treated to a surprise that did their hearts good. A brother pastor, mysteriously present, told their story and performed the ceremony between Gideon and Martha.

So many of them were just out of slavery. So many of them knew what separation and fruitless hope of re-meeting were, that it was an event to strike home to their hearts. Some wept, some rejoiced, and all gathered around the pastor and his wife to grasp their hands.

And then Martha was back on the old plantation again and her love and Gideon's was young, and she never knew why she did it, but suddenly her voice, the voice that Gideon had loved, broke into one of the old plantation hymns. He joined her. Members from the old South threw back their heads, and, seeing the yellow fields, the white cabins, the great house, in the light of other days, fell into the chorus that shook the church, and people passing paused to listen, saying,—

"There's a great time at Shiloh to-day."

And there was.

COURAGE

BY BLANCHE TRENNOR HEATH

CHANCE bound him in its chains,
Held his strong manhood helpless with their weight,
Then led him to a castle's fair domains,
And mocked: "Thou shalt possess these fruitful plains
If thou canst ope the gate!"

But he with sudden blow
Of those bound hands the bolts asunder broke,
And felt his clashing fetters fall,—and lo,
Freedom and fortune from the baffled foe
Gained at a single stroke!

CONCERNING SOME NEW BOOKS



IT is doing Mr. William Jasper Nicolls's "Graystone" no injustice to pass over with cursory mention the more than ordinarily enjoyable love-story he has incorporated with his plot, for the sake of *Graystone*. calling the attention of the reader to its absorbing and enlightening exposition of labor conditions in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. For this latter is Mr. Nicolls's strong point, by virtue of an extended experience in these regions and with the coal trade in general. The whole process of acquiring coal lands and exploiting them is laid bare before the readers' eyes, with the sure touch of one who knows, culminating in some such strike as those which are still fresh in our minds.

So much for that phase of "Graystone." For the rest, the novel may be characterized as a "reaction." Feeling that latter-day methods and aims in fiction are detracting from the natural sweetness of life, Mr. Nicolls has given us a novel in which there are lovable and trustable women, and men who care enough for their souls to keep them clean. The whole atmosphere is as dainty and fragrant as the old-fashioned garden in which "Graystone" stands.



"THE purity of water supplies," says Dr. Samuel Rideal in his preface, "has always been a subject of importance, and every year it receives more and more attention." In no part of the Water and its Purification. world is this more true than in our own country, where the rapid growth of the large cities, with their accompanying evils of crowding and unsanitary conditions, has rendered the situation one to tax the powers of the ablest engineers. The contamination of the streams by sewage and mill refuse from the towns along their banks pollutes the very sources of the large rivers, which form but too frequently the main supply for the great centres of population.

It not infrequently happens, too, that the nearest available supply of pure water is miles away, entailing not only a heavy initial expense for acquiring the source and installing aqueducts, but a large annual charge for maintenance. As a consequence, purity of water-supply is not alone to be considered. The question of purifying the available

supply also presents itself, and the engineer of to-day has to decide between buying a large tract of land and building miles of aqueduct, and installing an immense filter-plant, which can not only clarify but purify the available water, whatever its impurities.

Nor have the large cities alone suffered from the contamination of their supply, since outbreaks of disease in the rural districts are all but too frequently traced to polluted wells, the water of many of which is often noted for its sparkling clearness. In fact, as Dr. Rideal puts it, "it can safely be said that at the present time the question of pure drinking-water is one of primary importance to all classes in the community."

It is not to be expected, of course, that any presentation of the subject will immediately inaugurate a change for the better. Even after ignorance on the part of the thinking few has been eliminated, there remain to be reckoned with the indifference of the many, and the callous cynicism of the politician, to whom the whole question of public utilities but too often resolves itself into the simple formula, Favors vs. Votes.

But one can, at the least, address himself to the thinking few; and this Dr. Rideal has done in a handy volume replete with practical information, which gains in value by being expressed in language understood of the people. He has chapters on Characters of Natural Waters, Animal and Vegetable Impurities, Different Kinds of Water, Springs and Wells, Rivers, Storage, Distribution, Purification on a Large Scale, Household Filtration, Softening of Water, Analysis and Interpretation of Results, with several Appendices and an Index, the whole being luminously illustrated with nearly seventy figures. One can hardly overestimate the importance of such a work as this, bringing as it does the knowledge of the expert to the service of the layman, not merely in solving for him one of the most vital problems in the struggle for better conditions of existence, but in educating him to solve that problem for himself.

ANOTHER subject, of equal importance with the water-supply, receives a comprehensive treatment in Francis Wood's "Practical Sanitary Engineering." Declaiming any intention to go deeply into the history of the subject, he says that his object in writing was simply to fill the need for an elementary work on the subject. Accordingly, he put into shape the points of his own wide experience, together with the experience and suggestions of others; the present volume is the result. He treats his subject in twenty chapters, including such topics as Hydraulics, Formulae for Velocity in Pipes, Earth Pressure and Retaining Walls, House Drainage, Land Drainage, Sewers, Sewage Pumping, Sewer Ventilation, Trade Refuse and River Pollution, Sewage Disposal, Bacteriology, Refuse Disposal, etc., presenting a comprehensive view

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from both engineering and economical stand-points. The idea of economical working of sanitary systems is emphasized in every page, since, as he says, "the increasing cry of 'economy' on the part of the rate-payers demands that engineers should be thoroughly grounded in the science in order to bring schemes to a satisfactory and efficient conclusion."

Although he has addressed himself especially to engineering students, as well as to those practical engineers who are just about to take up sanitary work, his book is well suited to the use of educated laymen who desire to inform themselves upon the elements of this growing science, since it is arranged in logical sequence and his explanations are clear and distinct. In fact, "Sanitary Engineering," like "Water and its Purification," is one of those valuable books which teach people to help themselves.

MR. CICERO W. HARRIS, who has given the title "The Sectional Struggle" to his work, here presents the first volume of "An Account

The Sectional Struggle. of the Troubles between the North and the South, from the Earliest Times to the Close of the Civil

War." He purposed to treat this very large subject in three periods. "This is equivalent to making a natural division of the sectional struggle into three parts," he says: "1. That from 1787, or earlier, to 1833. 2. That from 1833 to 1850, the era of the second great slavery compromise after the inauguration of the present Federal government, that of 1820 being the first. 3. That from the compromise of 1850 to the close of the Civil War." The volume before us concerns the First Period, including the Early Tariffs and Nullification, and ending with the compromise of 1833; the publication of the history of the Missouri Compromise and preceding events is deferred for a time.

The purpose of Mr. Harris's work is, briefly, to present a full-length view of the long political and constitutional struggle between the North and the South, separating this phase of American history from the general history of the nation. Treating the great question as a conflict of ideas, with a notable fairness and candor, he groups events in classes, topically, so far as is practicable, retaining the necessary sequence of events in each subdivision. Very little use has been made of the general histories of the republic in the collection of material, except to supply such data as could not be obtained from the books, pamphlets, documents, periodicals, and newspapers in the Library of Congress, the debates and journals of Congress, the reports and digests of decisions in the United States courts, and State histories, legislative proceedings, etc.; the work is consequently essentially the crystallization of original materials.

Five chapters make up the volume: Transition, The Tariff—1789-1820, The Tariff—1820-1828, The Debate of 1830 and other Events, Nullification and the Compromise of 1833, completed by an Index. All votes in Congress have been verified by comparison of the Annual or Register of Debates with the Journals, and the reader is assisted by copious references to authorities, explanatory foot-notes, and a marginal Index of dates and topics.

Mr. Harris's able work should prove itself of value as well as of interest to the readers and students of American affairs, especially as it is the first devoted exclusively to a study of this one all-important side of our history. The author's stand-point as regards evolution in matters of history, as well as his conservative common-sense, may be gauged from his opening sentence: "Parties are not created at will, but are the slow growth, out of wants, hopes, and failures, of very many years and efforts"—a succinct statement which may well be taken to heart by those whose one panacea for political ills and evils is the immediate formation of a party to combat them.

WITH the publication of the sixteenth, and concluding, number of the "Photographic Atlas," Dr. George Henry Fox's remarkable work

**Photographic
Atlas of the Dis-
eases of the Skin.** comes to completion. In its final form it consists of eighty photographic plates, the most striking and typical in his large collection. These plates are especially colored by hand, not lithographed, and are so minutely accurate that examination with a strong magnifying glass but serves to bring out more clearly and vividly their similarity to the actual skin. The eighty plates contain, in all, over one hundred illustrations, all of which are colored; there are no useless black and white cuts in the work. With every plate there is a condensed description, with the history of the case, the treatment, and the result. In all there are over three hundred quarto pages of text, giving a concise and practical statement of the therapeutic methods which the author has found of greatest service in his practice; the more common diseases, as well as those more rare, receive full consideration. As a text-book on dermatology, for the general practitioner as well as for the specialist, the "Photographic Atlas" can not be excelled in either scope or accuracy. The list of diseases treated contains more varieties than the student could find in an extended post-graduate course in any of our large cities, and Dr. Fox's exceptional opportunities have enabled him to present the most typical cases, establishing a standard of recognition, as it were, for the various species of the same class. Supplementary to the alphabetical arrangement which obtains throughout the work, there is a copious Index.

DIANE PRIESTESS OF HAÏTI

BY

JOHN S. DURHAM



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